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BOOKMAN

JAN 1917

CONTENTS.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM	By S. M. Ellis	THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WATTS-DUNTON	By Dr. Hugh Walker
THE PRACTICAL VISION	By W. Douglas Newton	THE CENTENARY OF "THE SCOTSMAN"	By R. Cochrane
WRITERS ON WRITERS	By Frederick Niven	THE SAME OLD NAVY	By C. E. Lawrence
FORTY-FIVE YEARS IN CHINA	By Mrs. Archibald Little	THE RISE OF LEDGAR DUNSTAN	By Dr. James Moffatt
THE SPIRITUAL ASCENT OF MAN	By Eric S. Robertson	THE DUBLIN INSURRECTION	By H. A. Hinkson
THE POETS' WINTER	By Katharine Tynan	GOOD WRITING	By Francis Bickley
A SOLDIER OF LIFE	By W. L. George	THE READING PALATE	By Wilfred Whitten
BAIRNSFATHER		THE CASTAWAYS, ETC.	

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 107

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY—

Jack London. By Thomas Moult 110

THE READER—

Richard Harris Barham—"Thomas Ingoldsby." By S. M. Ellis 112

The Life and Letters of Watts-Dunton. By Dr. Hugh Walker 118

Prize Competitions 120

The Centenary of *The Scotsman*. By R. Cochrane .. 122

The Practical Vision. By W. Douglas Newton 124

NEW BOOKS—

Writers on Writers. By Frederick Niven 126

Good Writing. By Francis Bickley 126

A Soldier of Life. By W. L. George 127

Forty-five Years in China. By Mrs. Archibald Little 128

The Dublin Insurrection. By H. A. Hinkson 128

When George the Third was King. By Major S. Butterworth 129

The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan. By Dr. James Moffatt .. 130

The Same Old Navy. By C. E. Lawrence 130

The Poets' Winter. By Katharine Tynan .. 131

The Spiritual Ascent of Man. By Eric S. Robertson .. 132

Bairnsfather 133

Theodore Roosevelt 133

The Castaways 133

The Reading Palate. By Wilfred Whitten .. 134

NOVEL NOTES—

Two's Two—Watermeads—Afraid—The Financing of Fiona—Olga Bardel ..134-6

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

Things I Remember—Travels in London 136

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS .. 136

NOTICES.

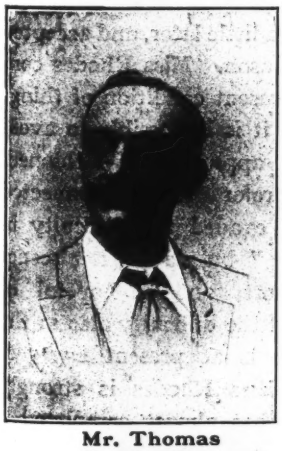
All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The February Bookman will be an E. V. Lucas Number, and will contain a special article on E. V. Lucas by George Sampson.

We regret to announce the death, at the age of 55, of Mr. Thomas Francis Bumpus. He was the son of the late Thomas Benjamin Bumpus, a well-known bookseller, who had his shop in George Yard, Lombard Street. Mr. T. F. Bumpus developed at a very early age a great taste for church architecture, and took many tours among the cathedrals of England and the Continent. He contributed no less than fourteen large volumes to Mr. Werner Laurie's Cathedral Series.



Mr. Thomas Francis Bumpus.

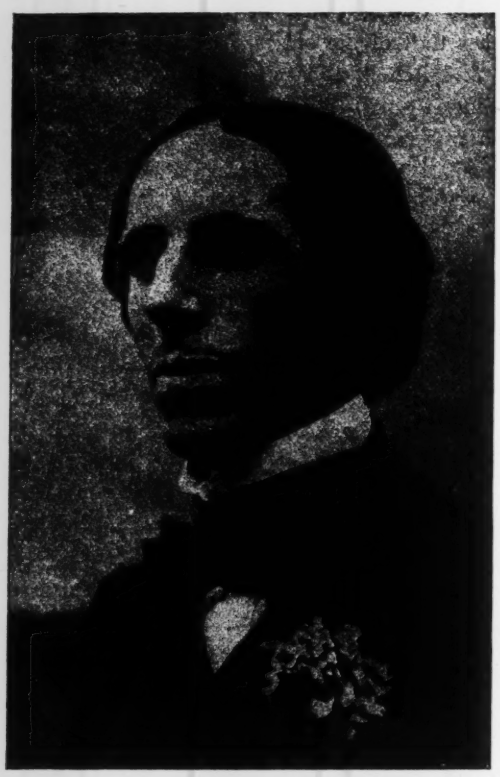
Not the least interesting of the many changes that are taking place in the British publishing world is that of the old-established firm of Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell, the well-known Edinburgh publishing house, which was recently registered as a Limited Liability Company, with Mr. J. H. Bruce, for many years its manager, as a director. The late W. P. Nimmo, the founder of the firm, was apprenticed to and trained in the house of Blackwood. After he had completed his apprenticeship he served for a time with Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. He began business on his own account in Edinburgh in the year 1859, at No. 2, St. David's Street, starting as a wholesale distributor, but very soon developing into a publisher. He was highly successful from the first, one of his earliest hits being made with "Heaven, Our Home," the sale of which ran into several hundred thousand copies. The book was published anonymously, but it afterwards turned out that the author was Parish Minister of a very humble church in the South-West of Scotland. Nimmos' specialised largely in Gift Books and Birthday Books, and became famous for several popular series, such as "Nimmo's

Mr. J. H. Bruce.

Photo by Sarony, Scarborough.

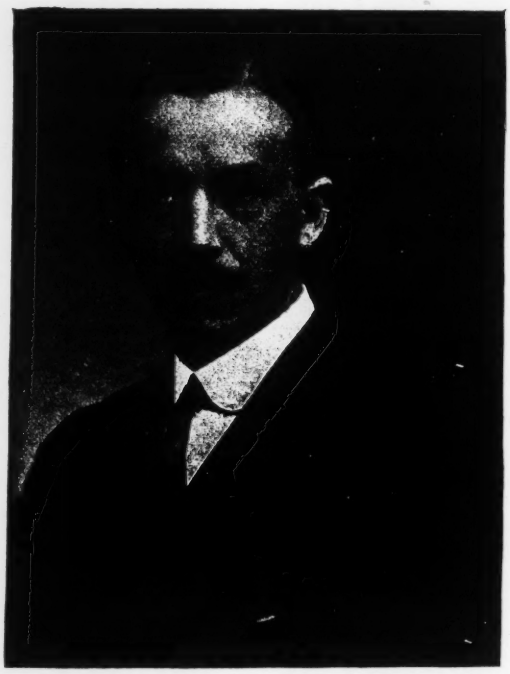
Miss Kathlyn Rhodes.

Standard Library," "The Miniature Classics," etc. Mr. Alexander Hay joined the firm as a lad, and worked his way up until in 1879 he was taken into partnership, and thereafter conducted the business till Mr. Nimmo's death in 1883. Shortly after Mr. Nimmo's death, Mr. Norman R. Mitchell came into partnership, and Messrs. Hay & Mitchell carried on the concern until Mr. Hay's death in 1899. Mr. Mitchell died in 1909, and since then the business has been conducted by Mr. J. H. Bruce, who has been with the firm since boyhood. Under the new auspices it is expected that the firm will take a new lease of life and branch out in various directions.



Mr. Louis J. McQuilland,
whose new book "A Song of the Open Road, and Other Verses" (Heath, Cranton), was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

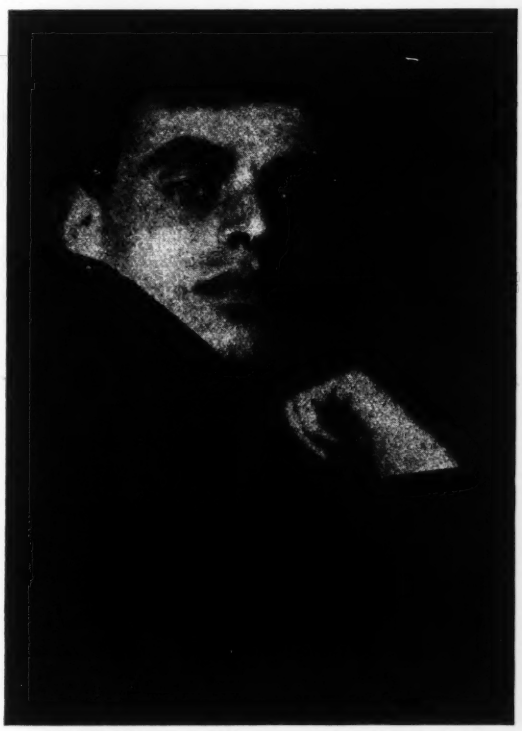
Miss Kathlyn Rhodes, whose latest novel, "The Lure of the Desert," was recently published by Messrs. Hutchinson, wrote her first book while she was at school, and it made its appearance in print shortly afterwards. "I don't know," she says, "whether the firm that published it (not Messrs. Hutchinson) made anything out of it—I know that I did not!" Her first serious attempt, her novel



Dr. R. H. Lock, Sc.D.

"Sweet Life," was written a little later, and accepted at once by Messrs. Hutchinson. Miss Rhodes confesses that she finds the present condition of things very trying, since "while it is impossible to avoid a war background without appearing old-fashioned, many readers apparently prefer a story unconnected with the war." She has evaded the difficulty in "The Lure of the Desert" by placing her scenes in the heart of the desert, and is hopeful of having found a way out of the difficulty also in the new novel on which she is at present engaged. Like so many authors, Miss Rhodes is strongly drawn to the stage, and has almost completed a three-act comedy.

The fourth edition of "Variation, Heredity and Evolution," by the late R. H. Lock, Sc.D., has just been published by Mr. John Murray. The book is revised by Dr. Leonard Doncaster, F.R.S., and includes a photograph of the author and a biographical note by Bella Sidney Woolf (Mrs. R. H. Lock.) Dr. Lock, who died suddenly of heart failure at the early age of thirty-six in June, 1915, was looked upon as one of the leading younger men in the world of agricultural science. He was responsible for much practical research work, chiefly dealing with maize, rubber and rice. "Lock's Paddy," a new strain of rice which he bred, is now displacing other varieties throughout the island of Ceylon. He also



Mr. James Elroy Flecker,
whose Collected Poems (Martin Secker) were reviewed in the Christmas BOOKMAN.

wrote a successful handbook entitled "Rubber and Rubber Planting" (Cambridge University Press). He was a Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, and from 1908 to 1912 was Assistant Director of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Ceylon. In 1913 he was appointed Inspector under the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, and he was destined by Government to take up, later on, the important post of British Representative at Rome on the Council of the International Agricultural Institute. On the outbreak of war he was appointed chairman of a committee dealing with food supply to the troops. His devotion to this strenuous work in addition to his ordinary duties during two severe attacks of influenza, was undoubtedly responsible

Mr. Burton Kline.

for his fatal illness. One of his chiefs on the Board of Agriculture wrote: "He gave his life for his country as much as if he had fallen in France."

Mr. Burton Kline, whose new novel, "Struck by Lightning," is published by Mr. John Lane, edits the magazine section of the *Boston Evening Transcript*. He is a distinguished graduate of Harvard, and this is his third novel, and, as the

Mr. Frederic Coleman,
whose new book, "With Cavalry in 1915," has been published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

reviewers are agreed, is a long advance on the earlier two. It sets a delightful love story against an acute and diverting panorama of society and politics in a typical Eastern State.

We are to have two biographies of Swinburne early this year; one by Mr. Edmund Gosse, which Messrs. Macmillan will publish, and one by Mr. Egmont Hake and Mr. Compton Rickett, which will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder.

Miss Margaret Widdemer, whose very successful novels "The Rose-Garden Husband" and "Rosamund Why-Not," are published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Mr. John G. Wilson, of 77, Queen Street, E.C., has just published Mr. W. K. Seymour's new book of verse, "To Verhaeren and Other Poems." The tragic death at Rouen of the great Belgian poet gives this volume a special interest. "To Verhaeren" was written some months ago and had already been for several weeks in the press when death so dreadfully overtook its inspirer. The book will contain an Introduction by that distinguished and too little known poet and essayist, Mr. Eugene Mason, author of "A Book of Preferences in Literature."

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

JACK LONDON.

THERE is more in our memory of Jack London (who died a few weeks ago at the age of forty) than his two-score books, and not merely because a personality had soaked itself into every line of them. The general conception dwarfs personality to the narrow compass of an isolated destiny—and, after all, as anyone else, the writer can lay claim to nothing more. A rare man indeed is he that is able to convey through his work a suggestion of personality which is not any less personal because it is bigger than himself. This suggestion may be more or less deliberate, as Stevenson and Kipling made it, thereby visualising themselves for many of us as somewhat bizarre spectacles of adventure rather than as personalities. That the conception evoked in Jack London's readers was equally the effect of an author assuming a part we may safely deny, even in face of the Yankee blood that scorched through his make-up. In his case it would have been to talk big, and the effect correspondingly pitiable. For him the mere consciousness of being alive was to be joyously noisy with life's arrogance, scooped with generous, over-spilling handfuls into his books, not so much because he believed, as a child believes, that the rest of the world was waiting to share with him as that the handfuls were themselves the books. And now that the noise and arrogance are for him no more, rather do the echoes stir a memory akin to a splendid pageant, resonant with clangorous tongues, world-accented, and everywhere the surge and seethe of life that has been branded by the world-marks, the world-scars—heritage of human effort everywhere 'twixt the Arctic rim and the Southern Pole.

Mr. Jack London.

Jack London was a writer who lived with storms and spaces and sunlight like a kinsman. He knew to the full what it signifies to pit one's raging impotence against their imperturbability, or to take without thanksgiving the careless succour that is a mark of kinship no less. To express something of this was his instinctive aim, and by direct and faithful methods the accomplishment would have been easy from the beginning. Thus would he have remained indistinct from that contemporary literary product, the writer whose experience has given him a lot to say, and who cares little for writing and a great deal for what he is writing about. At the best he might have become a capital tale-teller, with yearnings, when too late, for artistic values. Or he might even have disciplined himself, so definitely scientific and philosophical was his mental attitude, to anatomise the savage realities of his data on the dissecting table of biology and economics. But there was in his temperament that magic strain which alone could produce out of these potentialities a more enduring fabric than would have twisted itself out of their separate results. It was a compelling artistic impulse; and this, plus the exuberant

tale-teller's box of tricks (with the direct and faithful method never out of mind), and plus the mentality of a scientist and philosopher—could anything short of the whole of them have produced "Before Adam" or "White Fang"?

It is a mistake to underrate this artistic impulse in Jack London. When we have sifted the husks that came of the hasty writing to which he became regrettably prone in his later period, there remains the grain of a positive literary quality. The hard brilliance of its polish did not dazzle so much as reflect an intense heat which, like the sun of his Klondyke noons, would burst forth into the hot blood-fullness of his own personality. The aloofness of a Conrad makes the possession of style more obvious than it is in London, who had himself lived the actual days and nights of sweat and heartbreak and achievement that packed his stories. Joseph Conrad's writings are the mirror of a tenderly ironic observation—always of observation; Jack London's reflect the fascinated adventurer, lustful to live his hazards all over again in the recounting. From such a narrator we do not appear, during a couple of centuries at all events, to have been accustomed to expect—although we sometimes got it—anything approaching the stuff of literature. We have been grateful for the homespun of romance which Melville, Marryat and Clark Russell wove and re-wove until they had worn it so threadbare that Stevenson and Kipling pluckily took upon themselves to darn it over with new threads of style. Which was very well in its way, albeit when Conrad came along and tossed the outworn garmenture unhesitatingly aside, substituting original symphonic patterns of seascape and landscape while blending the psychologies of passionate action with the actions of passion, we wondered why we had allowed romance to go about so long in such shabby trappings. But however widely Conrad knew the life whose pulse-beat he recorded in new romantic ways, it remained for Jack London, in an equally new manner, to reveal not only the psychology lurking behind the dark masks of Indian chief and squaw, the smouldering atavism of the world-rover, the trampled loveliness beneath the slimy stew of farmost human pits. He revealed also, in his own person, a narrator who had done more than stand at his distance, watching, analysing, recording. . . .

And if the style smacked too easily of egoism, it was a naïve egoism, tolerable as the egoism of his giant forbears, the great adventurers, the sea-worn mariners and explorers of the Elizabethan era. To these, indeed, we must turn for any such combination of artistry and personal narrative—in a greater way, maybe, but not more definite. The racy tang that went singing through all they experienced was in him also, and the spaciousness of their age. As in their amazing productions, we are conscious that romance and horror are very much of a kind. We came across them first—did we not?—strolling in company in Raleigh, Dudeley, Jacques Cartier and the rest. And the same romantic-realist quality of impassioned mind surprises us in Martin Eden's night at Salina Cruz, with the white beach, the harbour lights, the voices of drunken sailors around two locked bodies rolling over and over in deadly combat and tearing up the sand, beast-eyes glinting in the starlight, blood spurting, and "from somewhere away off the mellow tinkling of a guitar"; in the young ape-man's wild love-chase of the Swift One, who made soft sounds, and peeped out upon him from the leaves of the third tree; in the brief moment before death comes to a condemned Chinago on a slave plantation in the South Seas, his curiosity speculating the while whether or not the knife of the guillotine will tickle—in the moment when his mind catches a last glimpse of the far-away, sleepy Chinese garden of birds and bells and flowers that has been his dream and his life ambition.

This power to surprise is, in more solid ways, an important factor in all his writings. From the opening sentence of his first published story—"The White Silence," which his cook-engineer (a real Londonian combination) on the *Snark* tells us gained him double-quick fame—we are constantly running against the unexpected. Usually we have become so breathless by the time we get there that the blow which knocks us off our critical balance might have been delivered after the fashion of the ordinary sensationalist, but Jack London was too faithful and honest, like his hero-prizefighters, ever to serve out situation or climax which would not survive the ordeal of a not too searching literary limelight. And, following up the metaphor of the ring, such aptitude for the unexpected is more likely to pull the game off in a brief than prolonged contest. That is why he seldom fails in the short story, and rarely succeeds in the long novel. The achievement of "The Jacket" proves the rule because it is itself a Stravinsky-like sequence of melodic romances, with only a homophonic overtone to make of the work a unity.

We may take this book along with the "Sea Wolf" as good examples of Jack London's stature and his limitations. The brutality, the candour, never offensive and yet appalling his readers, may be found there in so great an abundance that it requires a fellow-craftsman to detect how great also is the restraint. Also, how little is the brutality there for brutality's sake, as it was with a writer of lesser experience like Frank Norris. Jack London's pæan to the personal beauty of virile life and striving resounds in its dynamic masculine strength no less than does his worship of the impersonal beauty he set himself to discover in the virgin breast of earth. By contrast there is his woeful inability to portray any but one or two types of manhood. To these male-types belong also most of his women. But if his women are generally men, and if he failed with certainty the moment he turned from hardship and endeavour to depict prosperity and ease, what is it beside the clear knowledge that he has given us a literature of romantic adventure that is lordly enough to rank with that which already has emerged from the crucible of all the tests, immortal now as the sea-island and salt-water ghosts, or the phantoms of jungle and treasure-cove?

Behind it all thrilled a personality which was the embodiment of high noons in a decade of literary twilights, and withal a writer whose books will for a long time possess an additional lure because he never disdained the "slipping dream-stuff, half withdrawn."

THOMAS MOULT.

THE READER.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM—"THOMAS INGOLDSBY."

By S. M. Ellis.

THE author of "The Ingoldsby Legends" holds a peculiar and unique position in English literature. He is in the front rank in both a popular and academic sense, although only remembered for one book. His writings make no claim to be superfine in diction or style, and the "Legends" in wonderful rhyme are not great poetry, with the exception of the exquisite "As I laye a-thynkynge." Nevertheless "The Ingoldsby Legends" and their characters are immortal, and many a line from the inimitable collection has become colloquial and as much a part of allusive and familiar English as the most inspired quotation from the national classics. Truly a triumph for a light versifier. But Barham brought exceptional qualities to the development of his particular art. He was a wit, and his initial success was won by his startling originality. Not only did he adapt the Gallic spirit and *conte* to the exigencies of the English language: his blending of saints and demons, ghosts and abbots, monkish legend and romance, antiquarian lore and classical knowledge, murder and crime, with his own freakish and whimsical sense of humour, his lightning leaps from grave to gay, his quaint verbal quips, his wealth of topical allusion and most bizarre rhymes—all combined to secure him immediate attention and resultant fame. Further, there was—and is—something typically English in the "atmosphere" of the "Legends"; the scenes of many of them are laid in Kent—the most typical of English counties, with its low, wooded hills and smiling valleys, where grow the hops of the national beverage; its two cathedrals entwined with history; its historic houses such as Knole and Penshurst; and, above all, its share of the great river, where "go the ships," and of the sea and the white chalk cliffs of England. And Barham was by heredity, birth, over thirty years' residence, and sympathy, entirely a Man of Kent.

Richard Harris Barham
(Thomas Ingoldsby).
From the painting by R. J Lane.
In the possession of Barham's granddaughter, Mrs. Platt.

For many centuries the Barhams had been settled in East Kent, giving their name to a village and range of downs between Canterbury and Dover. It pleased the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends" to claim descent from the brother of that notorious historical personage, Sir Randal—or Reginald—FitzUrse, one of the four knights who murdered Archbishop Becket in Canterbury Cathedral on that drear December eve in 1170 when even the heavens, in meteorological disorder, thundered and lightened. FitzUrse fled to Ireland, and died in exile, leaving his lands in Kent to his brother Robert, who changed the odious name of FitzUrse—literally Bear's Son (three bears figure in the Barham coat-of-arms)—to its English equivalent of De Bearham, which in course of time became Barham. Until the time of James I. the family lived near the village and downs bearing their name, but about this date the property was sold.

To come to the direct ancestry of the legendist, it was his great-grandfather, John Barham, who, in 1686, by his marriage with Mary, daughter and heiress of Thomas Harris, a prosperous tradesman, re-acquired some of the property once possessed by earlier members of his family. Miss Harris's dower included the Manor of Parmstead (in older days called Barhamstead), and the adjoining one of Tappington—a name which was to figure largely in later years in the literary work of her great-grandson. Her father, Thomas Harris, had also purchased, in 1699, from Captain James Bix, a fine house, No. 61 Burgate, in the city of Canterbury, and this was the home of "Ingoldsby's" immediate ancestors, and his own birthplace. Mr. Harris drying in 1724, the house in time came to his grandson, Richard Barham. He died in 1784, and was succeeded by his son, Richard Harris Barham—the father of the subject of this paper. The elder R. H. Barham was an alderman of Canterbury, and a truly gigantic and genial example of that adipose class of corporation. He was a *bon vivant*, drank a bottle of port every day, and when he died at the early age of forty-eight he had attained to immense bulk, and weighed twenty-seven stone. It is said that the spacious doorway of his house in Canterbury had to be widened to permit the removal of his coffin on the occasion of the funeral in 1795. Such a grotesquely macabre incident might have inspired an Ingoldsby Legend in the years to come: but little Barham was only six years old when his father died, and beyond his notes

for a story to be called "My Grandfather's Knocker," and the line telling how "many an aldermanic nose roll'd its loud diapason after dinner," "Ingoldsby's" father remains unsung. It was his mother, Elizabeth Fox, a Kentish woman, too, whom Barham most resembled. From her, no doubt, he inherited both his physical and mental qualities, for judging by her portrait she was a vivacious, humorous woman and much resembled her son in colouring and feature.

Richard Harris Barham was born at 61, Burgate, Canterbury, on December 6th, 1788 (the birth year also of Byron and Theodore Hook), and was baptised at the adjoining church of St. Mary Magdalene, where many of his ancestors were buried. He had only a sister, Sara, about whom nothing is known. She is believed to have been born in 1784, and to have died about 1796, and the only tangible relic of her is the name "Sara," together with the initials of her brother, scratched on one of the windows in their home. Consequently, Richard Barham was a solitary little boy, living with his mother in this fine house with its beautiful staircase, panelled rooms, deep cupboards, and all the other suggestive mysteries an old house offers to an imaginative and lonely child. A spacious attic, with a quaint hooded fireplace, is believed to have been his nursery, and his favourite companion was a huge dog, who, in an early portrait, stands as high as his young master.

Alderman R. H. Barham.
The father of "Thomas Ingoldsby."
From the miniature in the possession of his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Howe.

The influences of his home in historic Canterbury were very strongly reflected in Barham's subsequent literary work, and even more so were those of Tappington, of which he was also the youthful owner, and where many of his holidays were spent. This small picturesque building, of timber and mellow red brick, lattice-windowed and creeper-covered, nestling in a gentle green valley, was destined in future years to be the pivot of "The Ingoldsby Legends." Here the author placed the abode of the Ingoldsby family, compound of imagination and some traditions in his own family. Barham of course greatly idealised and enlarged the place in his literary descriptions, a hoax which he elaborated by appending to the collected editions of the "Legends" a woodcut of his imaginary Tappington Hall. His own little farmstead was no stately Manor House with avenue guarded by heraldic lodge gates. The real Tappington Hall was Broome Hall near by, on the way to Canterbury, beneath Barham Downs—that bleak elevated land so impregnated with Roman and Saxon remains, and the actual Tappington Moor of "The Hand of Glory." Broome Park answers very well to the literary and pictorial details of the "Legends," and Barham's composite mansion was achieved by transplanting the Oxendens' seat to the site of his own property. Broome Park possesses an additional, and pathetic, interest as the estate acquired by the late Lord Kitchener, the place where he had hoped to spend his retirement.

R. H. Barham
(Thomas Ingoldsby).
An early portrait.
From a miniature in the possession of Mrs. Howe, his granddaughter.

To return to Barham's early days, after some preliminary education in Canterbury he entered, in 1797, St. Paul's School, London, then located on its ancient site in the precincts of the Cathedral to which he was destined to return in later years a dignitary. Among his school friends was Richard Bentley, the future publisher of the "Legends." Barham describes himself as "a fat, little, punchy concern of sixteen" in these days—a description which held good all his life, for he was short in person, broadly built, and deep chested, He became Captain of the school, and in due course went to Brasenose College, where commenced his long friendship with Theodore Hook. Barham seems to have been an average Oxford undergraduate, took merely his B.A. degree (in 1811), was extravagant and certainly not what is euphemistically termed "a good young man." For two years, 1811–1813, he was living in Canterbury again, where he founded the convivial Wig Club, whose members, in masquerade, took part in burlesque debates

Elizabeth Fox.
The mother of R. H. Barham.
From the portrait in the possession of his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Mackie.

Photo by F. Bailey, Canterbury.

61, Burgate, Canterbury.

Where R. H. Barham (Thomas Ingoldsby) was born.

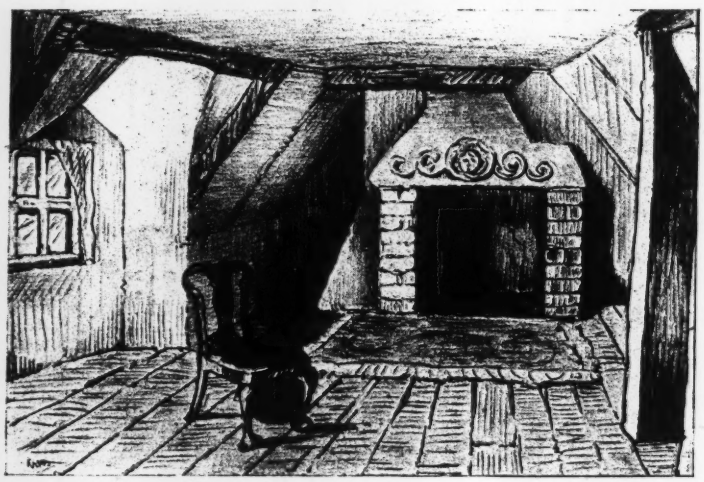
in the summer-house in Barham's garden. His mother, owing to failing health, had returned to her early home at Minster-in-Thanet some time previously, and she died there about 1813. Barham's substantial patrimony having been much reduced by the malpractices of a certain attorney, one of his three guardians, he had originally decided to adopt the profession of the Law. But during a severe illness his views on Life and conduct changed, and he resolved to enter the Church. He accordingly became curate of Ashford, Kent, in 1813, and of Westwell, in the same county, in 1814—the year in which he married Caroline, third daughter of Captain Smart, Royal Engineers, of Ashford.

Preferment came in 1817 to the Rectory of Snargate together with the curacy of Warehorne, and at the latter place the Barhams lived. These charges were situated in the drear, lonely region of Romney Marsh and that relic of French invasion panic, the Royal Military Canal. Snargate, its damp church and unhealthy parsonage hemmed in by trees, was the most dismal of villages; and Warehorne was not much better off in the midst of the weird, mist-drenched marshland. And yet "this recondite region," as Barham called it in "The Leech of Folkestone," has its own peculiar grim fascination, like the Fens of East Anglia and Chat Moss in Lancashire, for those with an imaginative mind and a flair for the supernatural: these vast flat expanses are full of suggestion, aided by the mystery of mist, and atmospheric effects, and fen lights at night. Barham's period in Romney Marsh was not wasted, for its subtly picturesque impressions were stamped upon his plastic mind and re-issued in many of the subsequent "Legends." Whilst still here he took to writing, to beguile the tedium of his very lonely life; and in 1819, being laid up for some weeks as the result of a carriage accident, he produced a novel called "Baldwin" (dealing with the case of a man wrongfully accused of murder), published by the Minerva Press the following year. Barham's parishioners were wild, ignorant, reckless people entirely devoted to smuggling, but as long as their parson did not interfere with their illicit pursuits they were civil to him, even though they commandeered his belfry at Snargate as a store for contraband tobacco. However, release from this uncongenial existence was at hand. In 1821 an unexpected stroke of good fortune brought Barham the appointment of Minor Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral. He accepted with alacrity in the form of a rhyming letter, "An Adieu to the Country":

> "O, I'll be off! I will by Jove . . .
> Quit . . . Romney Marsh for Piccadilly."

Some time after arriving in London, the Barhams went to live at No. 53, Great Queen Street, where their family was increased by the birth, in 1823, of their daughter Frances, subsequently Lady Bond. Three elder children, including R. H. Dalton Barham (the eventual biographer of his father), had been born in Kent; and the two youngest children, born later in the City, were Edward—Barham's favourite child—and Mary Anne, the Miss Barham who lived for many years at 73, Gower Street, and died in the summer of 1916, the last of "Ingoldsby's" family.

During his early years in London, Barham occupied his spare time with journalism. He edited *The London Chronicle*, and contributed reviews and light poetical trifles to *John Bull*, *The Literary Gazette*, and *Blackwood's Magazine* (wherein the first of the "Legends"—"The Ghost"—appeared in 1826). But increasing clerical duties caused him, for a time, to write less. In 1824 he was appointed Priest-in-Ordinary to the Chapels Royal, and soon after received the gift of the livings of St. Mary Magdalene and St. Gregory by St. Paul. There was only one church, however; St. Gregory's, which had been situated close to the south-west wall of the old Cathedral, not being rebuilt after the Great Fire. St. Mary Magdalene stood in Knightrider Street, and Barham, in consequence, came to live at No. 4, St. Paul's Churchyard, adjoining the entrance to Doctors' Commons. At this house (now demolished) Barham spent fifteen years—the happiest, probably, of his life, tempered though they were by the loss of two of his children, his eldest daughter dying in 1826, and his son George in 1832, during the terrible epidemic of cholera. During this period he, at last, enjoyed the society of cultured people for which he was himself so well adapted



From a drawing by Mrs. Bevan.

61, Burgate. The Attic Nursery.

by reason of his wit and bonhomie and wealth of anecdote. Now he was able to entertain his friends, dine out, and go frequently to the play; and here he achieved his literary fame. His intimate coterie of friends included Theodore Hook; Edward Cannon, the eccentric and witty priest of the Chapels Royal; Tom Hill; Sydney Smith; Hood; Lord William Lennox; Harrison Ainsworth; Dr. Hughes, Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, and his accomplished wife.

Mrs. Hughes was a very remarkable woman, strong-minded and clever, yet sympathetic and kind-hearted. Somewhat spartan with her grandchildren (who included the future author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays"), to her contemporaries—particularly literary men—she was an invaluable and beloved friend. She knew well Sir Walter Scott, had visited at Abbotsford, and carried on an interesting correspondence with him and Southey and Harrison Ainsworth and many others. When Barham first met her she was a woman of about fifty years of age, and for nearly a quarter of a century their friendship and animated correspondence continued, till severed by death, and to Mrs. Hughes we owe the stimulus and suggestions that produced "The Ingoldsby Legends." She began her influence on Barham's literary career by borrowing the unfinished manuscript of his novel, "My Cousin Nicholas," which he had commenced and laid aside fourteen years earlier. She sent it to Blackwood, and the story being accepted and begun in that publisher's magazine in 1834, the author was compelled to exert himself, and finished the work to the satisfaction of all. Barham was accustomed to assert that he was lacking in the power of literary invention. "Give me a story to tell," he said, "and I can tell it in my own way; but I can't invent one." Consequently when his old school friend, Richard Bentley,

Richard Bentley,
the publisher of "The Ingoldsby Legends."
Engraved by Richard Brown from a photograph by Messrs. Lock and Whitfield.

Edward John Barham
(1828-40),
the favourite son of R. H. Barham. His death at the age of 12 inspired Barham's poem, "As I Laye-A-Thynkynge."
From a portrait in the possession of Mrs. Howe.

commenced, in 1837, his famous monthly, *Bentley's Miscellany*, with Charles Dickens as editor, and applied to him for some contributions, he sought the advice of Mrs. Hughes. She, having at the command of her retentive memory a vast store of ghost stories and traditional topographical legends, related to him various tales which he transmuted by the alchemy of his genius into the golden metal of those scintillating "Legends." "Hamilton Tighe," "Look at the Clock," "The Dead Drummer," and "The Hand of Glory" were some of the stories which emanated from the Hughes's house in Amen Corner. Very fittingly Barham inscribed his presentation copy of the collected "Ingoldsby Legends":

> "To Mrs. Hughes, who made me do 'em;
> 'Quod placeo, (si placeo), Tuum,'
> THOS. INGOLDSBY."*

Barham's identity as the author of the "Legends" was quickly discovered, and he did not disdain the pleasures of success. He was not immune, of course, from some measure of hostile criticism, the most pronounced being in that ill-natured work, "The New Spirit of the Age," by R. H. Horne. As time went on, Barham was not confined to Mrs. Hughes for the source of his stories. He utilised many legends he had heard in Kent, such as those of "Nell Cook," "The Smuggler's Leap," and "Grey Dolphin"; and for the series known as "The Golden Legend" he obtained his ideas and many archæological and hagiographical details from monkish chronicles—including the "Legenda Aurea"—preserved in the Library of Sion College, where he was a frequent reader. These particular legends in the Ingoldsby collection have naturally always given great offence to Roman Catholics by reason of the scant reverence shown to persons and things held sacred by members of that faith. Barham's own defence to the

* The actual copy with this inscription in Barham's holograph is in the possession of Bernard Quaritch, who prices it at £96.

charge was that he was moved to point out the danger to the Church of England by the Romeward movement of Dr. Pusey and his followers. It was a time of much agitation in religious matters, and Barham's shafts of ridicule were aimed to check the increasing use of ritual and veneration of saints in the Established Church. He was sincere, though his method was ill-advised.

Curiously enough, though Barham is now only remembered as the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends" he and his family regarded his literary work as the least important avocation of his busy life. To him, indeed, the writing of these trifles—as he considered them—was merely a vent for his mental activity, a recreation, such as other men find in cards or hobbies. He would jot down the original script in little pocket-books (still existing in the possession of his descendants) at odd moments, waiting for an appointment or a train, and one "Legend" was written during a slow walk up Richmond Hill on a hot day. He was at his best, mentally and creatively, as midnight approached, when he would pour forth a stream of anecdote and witty comment; or if alone he was wont to write with an amazing facility up till 2 a.m. and later. He wrote easily or not at all: if the slightest hitch occurred, he would often throw the piece aside and never finish it.

Being late to bed, he was naturally a late riser. As the bell of St. Paul's was clanging for the service at which he was going to officiate, he would take a hurried breakfast at 9.30, standing up, and sharing the food with a stray cat, who was accustomed to wait outside the dining-room window for this ecclesiastical refection. This cat eventually established himself as a member of the household, and was named "Chance," for Barham was devoted to the feline tribe. His son relates: "Next to his wife and children, I verily believe my father loved his cats. One or two would commonly be seen sitting on his table—sometimes on his shoulder—as he wrote. . . . One of my father's last injunctions was: 'Take care of "Chance" (an interloper) for my sake: "Jerry" will be taken care of for his own.'" "Jerry," a black cat, was the special pet of Miss Mary Anne Barham, who used to dress him up in a baby's robe and bonnet, and put him to sleep in a cradle by the fire. On one occasion when Mr. Bentley called and was waiting to see Barham he noticed this curious object. Being near-sighted, he put on his glasses and bent forward to examine the black-faced baby more closely. The "infant," greatly annoyed at this examination, sprang from the cradle and dashed across the room, tearing the baby's robe to tatters with its claws, to the amazement and horror of Bentley, who was in doubt if this were not some demoniacally possessed child or a materialised little devil from the Ingoldsby collection.

1, Amen Corner.
The last home of Barham, who died here, 1845.
From an original drawing by kind permission of the artist, C. G. Harper.

4, St. Paul's Churchyard.
The home of R. H. Barham, where many of the "Ingoldsby Legends" were written.
From an original drawing by kind permission of the artist, C. G. Harper.

In the summer of 1839 the Barhams moved into Sydney Smith's residentiary house, No. 1 Amen Corner—that delightful and secluded little City close, where, as "Ingoldsby" humorously wrote, he had a garden "containing three polyanthus roots, a real tree, a shrub, eight broken bottles, and a tortoise-shell tom-cat asleep, with a varied and extensive prospect of the back of the 'Oxford Arms,' and a fine hanging wood (the New Drop at Newgate)." The house, built by Wren in 1684, was cosy and commodious, and with its panelled rooms and beautiful staircase was very similar to Barham's first home at Canterbury in the days of youth. So tender-hearted was Barham that he felt compunction at the necessary destruction of the hordes of rats infesting his new abode. "My heart sickens at the thought of this wholesale slaughter," he wrote to Mrs. Hughes.

One can appreciate how keenly his sensitive nature suffered under his many domestic sorrows. The cruellest blow was now to fall, for in June, 1840, he lost his youngest son—his "little boy Ned"—who died at the

age of twelve years. The father's grief was intense, and he never recovered from the shock. Who can read without emotion that pathetic letter to Mrs. Hughes: "I cannot—I can *not* reconcile myself to my loss. . . . God soften my heart. . . . I have shed scarcely a tear, till now that I am writing to you, when, thank God! they are flowing pretty freely. . . . If I sleep, my dear boy is in all my dreams." Barham's supreme sorrow is reflected in many of the subsequent pieces he wrote, particularly in the sad lines at the end of "The Wedding Day," and pre-eminently in the beautiful "As I laye a-thynkynge."

After his son's death Barham was away from London for some time, staying first at 30, Bedford Square, Brighton, and later in the summer at Great Burstead Vicarage, where he wrote "The Black Mousquetaire." The readers of *Bentley's Miscellany*, at the time, little knew that this gay trifle was the refuge of a breaking heart. As he said: "I find work my best solace, and I do work incessantly, though I fear not to the same purpose as I think I could have done had my poor boy lived for me to have worked for."

Drawn by George Cruikshank.

R. H. Barham (Thomas Ingoldsby),
surrounded by some of the characters of "The Ingoldsby Legends."
Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

He experienced another severe shock the following year at the sudden death of his greatest friend, Theodore Hook. Edward Cannon, James Smith, and Tom Hill were also dead, so Barham was one of the last left of the coterie of wits who had spent such joyous times together. He did not long survive his friends.

Little remains to be told. In 1842 he exchanged his City livings for the contiguous ones of St. Faith and St. Augustine, his church being in Watling Street. The last years passed, devoted to his clerical work and family, and to his recreations in the way of writing the final "Ingoldsby Legends" and making genealogical research. Barham's health failed, and a violent chill he took on a bleak day in October, 1844, caused severe inflammation of the throat. He never recovered from this painful malady, and though he rallied at times and resumed his occupations, each recurring attack left him weaker. In April he had a severe relapse, and increasing pain and a tendency to suffocation brought a realisation of the seriousness of his condition. He was taken to Clifton in May, and it was here, on the 29th, from 9, Dowry Square, that he penned his last communication to Mrs. Hughes in the form of that rhyming epistle (subsequently called "The Bulletin," when published), wherein he recounted, with all the gaiety of his prime and his most freakish rhymes, the pharmaceutic horrors practised upon him during his illness—certainly the most amazing effusion that ever emanated from a death-bed. His sad situation was intensified by the severe illness of his wife. The responsibility resting upon his daughter Frances was almost overwhelming. It was decided to return home, and Barham's old bizarre humour flashed forth for the last time with the remark—as he was carried into his London house—that he was indeed at Amen Corner.

And then for a fortnight there lasted that wonderful death-bed scene, when a man of but fifty-six years of age, and with his brilliant mental powers at their zenith, calmly faced with the bravest fortitude the most appalling experience of humanity. He made careful and minute arrangements for the disposition of his property, and did not forget even the future of his cats. He partook of the Holy Communion with his family for the last time, and awaited the end. The loss of children and friends, and the wearing effect of pain, had weakened all desire to live longer, he only sought rest:

"As I laye a-thynkynge, the
golden sun was sinking,
O merrie sang that Birde as
it glitter'd on her breast
With a thousand gorgeous
dyes,
While soaring to the skies
'Mid the stars she seem'd
to rise
As to her nest;
As I laye a-thynkynge, her
meaning was exprest:—
'Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay,'—
'Twas so she seem'd to
saye,
'*Here is Rest.*'"

In these lines of rare loveliness, and throughout "Thomas Ingoldsby's" last poem, how exquisitely are blended strains of romance and mystic symbolism and beauty with the sense of regret and weariness which comes to the pilgrim at the end of Life's Journey.

Mrs. M. A. Hughes.

Reproduced from the portrait in the possession of Mrs. Thomas Hughes, by permission of the owner and of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

Barham died on June 17th, 1845. He was buried in the vaults of his former church, St. Mary Magdalene: but in 1886 the building was destroyed by fire. The bodies of Barham and his children were reinterred at Kensal Green Cemetery, and there the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends" rests—near many aforetime "friends hid in Death's dateless night": but his literary work survives for all time.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WATTS-DUNTON.*

By Dr. Hugh Walker.

THIS can hardly be called a successful biography. The best part of it, the chapter by Mrs. Watts-Dunton, comes far too near the red heart of humanity to be touched by criticism; there is nothing to be done but to salute gravely and respectfully and pass on. With regard to the bulk of the book, while the two authors give warm and well-merited praise to the criticism of Watts-Dunton, it may be questioned whether they have acted upon its principles. Yet they certainly deserve commendation, because they enable a reader, even if he knows nothing but what they tell him, to form a sound judgment as to Watts-Dunton the critic. From quotations and references given in these volumes it is clear that the word which best suggests the peculiar quality of his criticism is spaciousness; and a shrewd inference may be drawn as to what he would have done if by some freak of fate it had fallen to his lot to criticise his own biography. He would not have seized upon petty faults; he would have raised the question, what is the purpose of biography, and would have judged the book by its fidelity or infidelity to that purpose. Have the two authors asked themselves this question? It may be worth while to raise it now, and to ask how far these volumes conform to a true conception of biography.

There are some who think that biography is in essence a record of events. The writer of the life of John Smith does the whole duty of a biographer if he tells how that personage was born at a certain place on a certain day, and follows him through life faithfully recording everything he does or that others do to him, until his body is laid at last in Westminster Abbey, or in some less august place of sepulture. If we regard this as the sole task of biography, it is true to say that the whole life of Shakespeare might be written on half a sheet of note-paper. But clearly this conception of events as the material of biography cannot be pushed to an extreme. In the first place, the life of Shakespeare refuses to be written on that half sheet; and in the next place, there is some reason which is never *solely* an event, why the John Smith of the biography is chosen out from among the thousand other John Smiths. Events, simply as events, are the same, whether they happen to Tom Thumb or to Samson. But the *reaction* of these two upon events is immeasurably different. The harmless cow swallows Tom Thumb, while Samson rends the lion. In the immeasurable difference of these reactions lies the true secret of the interest of biography; and this is why biography—when it is good—is the old man's literature. For him events are of the past, and their interest is nearly exhausted; but the interest of the spiritual reaction is inexhaustible. There is, then, a deeper conception of biography than that of the mere chronicle. The biographer's task is far less to record events that happen to a man than incidents within him—in Browning's phrase, incidents in the development of his soul. Let us test the relative importance of the two by an appeal to the greatest. A few years ago months and years of patient toil resulted in the finding of a musty legal document to which Shakespeare had set his name. We were mildly interested, for here was a new event in the life of Shakespeare; and if many such events were discovered it might be necessary to take a whole sheet of paper. But nobody was thrilled. Suppose, however, that by some hitherto unimagined line of research we could establish beyond a peradventure that the sonnets are autobiographical, or that Hamlet is a faithful picture of the soul of Shakespeare—that those great soliloquies are just the expression of the doubts and obstinate questionings of the poet's mind, that, set in the court of Elsinore, the Englishman would have done or left undone precisely what the Prince of Denmark did or failed to do—what then? There are thousands who would be thrilled, and not a few who would reckon this to be one of the greatest discoveries of all time. Here, indeed, would be a magic casement

* "The Life and Letters of Theodore Watts-Dunton." By Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton Rickett. 2 vols. 20s. net. (Jack.)

opening upon something far more entrancing than the most perilous of seas in the most forlorn of faery lands.

It is clear that the biographers of Watts-Dunton could never have proposed to themselves the first of the two methods. His was no life of adventure, and the material of mere events would soon have been exhausted. Yet, on the other hand, no biographer can wholly disregard this aspect of his task. After all, the soul does on this earth coexist with a body, and the narrative of what happened to the body is part, though a subordinate part, of the work. In the present instance this part is not very well executed. Watts-Dunton was a man of books, and ample assurance of the fact is given. But he was also a man of the open air. We are told so, but we are not made to *feel* it. He studied the gypsies not solely through Borrow and Hindes Groome. Where is the evidence of that first-hand study? The truth is that Watts-Dunton is throughout so overshadowed by his friends that the very title of the book is misleading. It should be "Watts-Dunton and his Friends," rather than "The Life and Letters of Watts-Dunton." Of the letters quoted a greater number are letters *to* Watts-Dunton than letters *from* him. We expect something different from a title which promises the letters *of* Watts-Dunton. Is there any other instance in biography of so curious an inversion? Certainly there is none among the great classical biographies. Froude illustrates Carlyle by the letters of Carlyle himself and his wife; and the latter are hardly less relevant to his purpose than the former. It is in the journals and letters of Scott that Lockhart finds his richest materials, as Trevelyan does in those of Macaulay. But here not even the interesting quotations from the "Autobiographical Notes" are sufficient to redress the balance.

Warehorne, Kent.

Barham lived here in 1817–21.
From an original drawing by kind permission of the artist, C. G. Harper.

But the narrative part is, I repeat, subordinate. Whether with clear consciousness or not the biographers must have striven, not so much to narrate events in the life of Watts-Dunton, as to delineate his soul. A soul that is to be delineated must, however, be always in the foreground, and in this book Watts-Dunton is constantly receding into the background. Within limits, of course, it may be necessary to illustrate a man by means of his friends; but surely the biographers here transgress the limits. Chapters about Rossetti and Swinburne were inevitable; but we find chapters also about Whistler and Tennyson, and about a small army of Mid-Victorian friends. And the chapters in question deal with the friends rather than with Watts-Dunton through the friends.

No, this book is not a good picture of a soul any more than it is a good narrative of events. The lines are blurred where they should be clear. The reader will not carry away from it any vivid or lasting impression. He never feels that he knows the man. The crucial test is the treatment of Watts-Dunton as a friend. When, if ever, the ideal biography of this man is written, it will pay homage to a great critic, and it will speak with respect of an accomplished poet and romancer, and a sound scholar. It will touch with regret, as the present authors do, on the excess of artistic conscience which suppressed "Aylwin" and the poems for many long years. It will hint the author's opinion that both would have been better if they had been less studiously revised. It will note Watts-Dunton's reasonable rebuke of Scott for lack of artistic conscience, and lament that he himself failed to take to heart Scott's remark on the opposite error in Campbell; for if he could only have done so Watts-Dunton would have been both a more prolific and a greater writer. Probably it was largely because he was comparatively little troubled in his critical articles by this almost morbid conscientiousness that Watts-Dunton remains greatest as a critic.

All this the ideal biography of Watts-Dunton will point out. But it will go on to say that all these things are matters of secondary importance. In one respect he was greater than he was even as a critic. He was greatest of all as a friend. "He had a genius for friendship," wrote Mrs. Holman Hunt to Mrs. Watts-Dunton. Genius is precisely the right word, the man's whole life proves it. His services to Rossetti and to Swinburne were inestimable, and through them his influence upon literature was very great. Now, the worst defect of this biography—the actual, not the ideal one—is that it leaves

Broome Hall, the real "Tappington Hall" of the "Ingoldsby Legends."
From an original drawing by kind permission of the artist, C. G. Harper.

this unexplained. We see that it *is* so, but we are not made to understand how it comes to be so, or even how it *can* be so. We are in the region of miracles. Swinburne looks at Watts-Dunton with adoration, and we feel sure that he had good cause so to look; but, for all that we are shown, the thing is almost as fortuitous as what happens when a magician waves his wand. Now, we do not believe in magicians, and most of us suspect, like Matthew Arnold, that miracles do not happen. There is an unexplained enigma, and it is the central fact of the whole life. We must go back once more to Mrs. Holman Hunt, quoted by Mrs. Watts-Dunton. "I once asked him," she says, "how he accounted for that rare influence he exercised so notably, and he told me that since his school-days he had had it. The boys said, 'If you want a thing done, get Watts to support it.'" This quality, amounting to genius, is, then, something that runs through Watts-Dunton's whole life, something that is felt not merely by great men like Rossetti and Swinburne, but also by people as ordinary as the average schoolboy. Show it in operation, make a real and convincing picture of it as something actual, not merely as the incredible magician's wand, and you will get one of the most fascinating biographies in all literature. It will be the story of Watts-Dunton's heart, it will penetrate to the very core of his being. Anything short of that merely scratches the skin.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1917.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best message to civilians, in four lines of original verse or not more than sixty words of prose, from any man or woman on active service at home or abroad.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

Tappington Manor, near Canterbury,
owned by Barham, who requently spent his holidays here.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER—DECEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to C. E. Smith, of 11, Melrose Gardens, Glasgow, W., for the following:

THE ACCUSER.

I had sinned. In anguish for rest, I emptied my soul of pride;
I knelt at the altar steps to tell, that my burden might lift.
Easy it was to speak; not one shred of my shame did I hide;
The man of God was not moved; sweetly he gave me shrift,

Cheated was grief for an hour: then bitter and black it came,
Hating the friend I had wronged, I sought him and made him hear,
He wept, and he took my hand—he spoke not a word of blame:
Strong was his custom of love; he could not but hold me dear.

I said—"I am shriven clean," and, weary, laid me to rest.
. . . But straight came one in the dark, swift, and in unknown wise.
"'Tis I, I, I thou hast wronged." Fear took hold of my breast.
Quickly I leapt to answer, and stared into mine own eyes.

C. E. SMITH.

We also select for printing:

PLAYMATES.

Love, like a little child, came up to me
Tugging with tiny fingers at my hands,
"Come out into the new-mown fields," he said,
"And play at Life with me."
And so I went
To play at Life with Love.

And so absorbed was I in this small game,
I did not see the shadows growing long,
Until a stripling Love called back to me,
"Playmate, farewell." . . . And thus Love went away
And otherwhere
Pays debts he owes to me.

(Guenn F. Newnham, 7, Avenue Gardens, Dover.)

IF GOD HAD KNOWN.

If God had known,
In the long, starless night,
Before the first dawn shed
Its gleam on cloud and wave in chaos rolled,
That one—a child—an instant's wingéd gold,
Should for her body's hunger thus be sold;
O, would He then have said,
"Let There Be Light"?

If God had known,
Before His dream gave birth
To moon and star, flame-swayed,
How this frail lad, chained far from cloud and sky,
Should for his song in darkening shadows die,
A lad of wind and light, with laughing eye.
O, would God then have made
The fruitful earth?

If He had known,
When in the seething murk
He bound the waters wild,
And hung the sky before Him for a veil,
Two souls should yearn and catch a glimpse and fail.
Wait in the gray till passion had grown stale,
O, would He then have smiled
Upon His work?

(Hortense Flepner, 948, S. Second Street, Louisville Ky., U.S.A.)

SONG.

Not roses do I send to her, not roses,
For roses grow in gardens, tended, tied,
Trim lawns and gravelled walks ne'er saw our meeting,
But on the hills and by the cool lake-side,
And 'mid the ferns beneath the birches' shade
Wild flow'rs and berries in her hands I laid.

Not jewels do I give to her, not jewels.
Rich jewels are for ladies in the town,
The city pavements never felt our treading
Nor smirched with dust her simple country gown,
But gold beneath her feet were wave-washed sands
When pearl-hued shells I laid within her hands.

(Iris Douglas, Rosse House, Church Lane, Shipley, Yorks.)

We also select for special commendation the lyrics by J. G. N. (Hornsey), Lilian Holmes (Charing), Liza Hake (Hereford), Ivan Adair (Dublin), J. E. C. (B.E.F., France), Mona Douglas (Isle of Man), Evelyn Simms (Brighton), Frank Reid (Rio de Janeiro), Marjorie Crosbie (Barnes), Mary M. Wilshere (London, N.E.), Cadet A. P. Hecht (Sidmouth), Irene Wintle (Portland), Guy Chester (Harrow), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Violet D. Chapman (Earl's Court), Margaret L. Desmond (Putney), Miss A. Walker (Sleights) John Strachan (Nottingham), Harry Wardale (Altrincham), Blythewood Chambers (Glasgow), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), Irene Eveleen Osborne (Honor Oak), Octavia Gregory (Dorset), Kathleen Kevin (Belfast), E. S. Paine (Dublin), A. F. R. (Croydon), Kitty L. Hall (Bakewell), John Adams Simon (Finchley), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), V. W. Ware (Sandown), Hylda Cole (Kilmalcom), Miss I. L. Watts (Streatham), John Anderson Stewart (Witney), Margaret O. Curle (London, S.W.), Miss K. Sidebottom (Bramhall), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), A. G. St. Fillan (Shoeburyness), Violet Gillespie (Cheltenham), Percy T. Cash (Ceylon), Cyril G. Taylor (Washford), Norman J. Bickle (S. Devon), T. J. Bayliss (Southfields, S.W.), William Andrew Wilson (Birkenhead), S. K. K. (Bombay), E. K. Browning (Watford), Alice E. Page (Burgess Hill), E. A. Scrutton (Slough), Pauline Bate (Wicklow), Bombardier T. A. King (Plymouth), Millie Forrester (Liverpool), Anita Lea (Liverpool), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), L. Nugent (Chelsea), Mary Wylie Hill (Swanley), Frank Merrin (Dublin), H. Y. Mytton (Wolverhampton), Margery Symons (East Sheen), Marion Michell (Stamford Hill), Kathleen B. Hough (Birmingham), Beryl Carter (London, W.), Ila Hearn (Croydon), A. J. Grant (Clapton), D. A. Russell Gregg (Bridgwater), Dorothy Clegg (Clapton), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Margaret Skelton

Frances Barham, Lady Bond.
(1823-1912).
"Thomas Ingoldsby's" Daughter.

(Maryport), Charles N. Foyster (Ilfracombe), Elsie M. Symmons (Crouch End), Marion Bird (Birmingham), F. H. Humby (Sidcup), Blanche A. Watson (Hull).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Vivien Ford, of 12, Priory Road, Tyndall's Park, Bristol, for the following:

THE GOLDEN HOPE. By GRACE MASON. (Appleton.)

"I've often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year."
JONATHAN SWIFT, *Imitation of Horace.*

We also select for printing:

LITERARY LAPSES. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. (John Lane.)

"His language is painful and free."
BRET HARTE, *Her Answer.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.)

A KISS FROM FRANCE. By A. NEIL LYONS. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"What will Mrs. Grundy say."
T. MORTON, *Speed the Plough.*

(Bessie R. Mitchell, 109, Desswood Place, Aberdeen.)

THE BREATH OF SUSPICION. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. (John Long.)

"At every word a Reputation dies."
POPE, *The Rape of the Lock.*

(Miss H. R. Wood, Harton, 44, Putney Hill, S.W.)

THROWN OVER. By "CORONET." (John Long.)

"That I was his young woman is unquestionably true,
But not since I began a-keeping company with you."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

ANOTHER WOMAN'S SHOES. By H. MAXWELL.

"But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"
HOOD, *Faithless Nelly Gray.*

(Miss A. Walker, Glencrest, Sleights, Yorks.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best Christmas Greeting to the men in the fighting line is awarded to 2nd Lieutenant E. O. Tancock, R.A., 184th Siege Battery, R.G.A., B.E.F., France, for the following:

Greetings from Home to you who fight and strive
To set in place of War a thing more mighty:
Hoping to see you very much alive
Next Christmas—back in Blighty.

From the numerous other replies received we select for commendation the five by Kitty Lewis (Mansfield), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Dolly Payne (Knutsford), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), A. F. Strike (Worthing).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss M. J. Dobie, of Willow Cottage, Mouldsworth, near Chester, for the following:

WHO GOES THERE? BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT SARAH AND THE WAR." (Burns & Oates.)

"Who Goes There?" is a little War-book of rare beauty and pathos. It would be hard to do justice to its merits, that are of the delicate order that defies analysis. In its few pages is much exquisite writing; and though we are all now familiar with every variety of thought and feeling expressed in letters from the trenches, with every kind of character developed in the crucible of the Great War, there is a distinction about every word of this book that is truly uplifting and inspiring.

We also select for printing:

MY YEAR OF THE GREAT WAR. BY FREDERICK PALMER. (McClelland: Toronto.)

After reading Palmer's "My Year of the Great War," we feel as if we, too, had visited with him those battlefields of Flanders and heard the sound of many guns; had suffered with Belgium and sympathised with France; had seen the power of Britain's army and felt the might of Britain's navy. Mr. Palmer is an American, but his sympathies are altogether with the Allies. He tells his story simply without dwelling on the horrors of war, but much on the heroic and self-sacrificing elements. The spirit of optimism prevails throughout; we feel the hour of victory is at hand.

(Doris C. Holmes, Public Library, Vicotria, B.C., Canada.)

MADAME PRINCE. BY W. PETT RIDGE. (Methuen.)

Perhaps this is the cleverest story Mr. Pett Ridge has yet told. His other tales were brilliant, artistic, and intensely human: but here he seems to have achieved even a finer work. The characters of the Widow, (who runs a milliner's shop) and the children, who one by one find their own spheres elsewhere, are perfectly outlined. The pathos is most skilfully blended with a delightful humour. Finally, the inevitable War comes in and shows the children in a closer understanding, a greater sympathy. It is a splendid story, most artistically suggested.

(John F. Leeming, Ashbury, Prescot Road, Hale, Cheshire.)

We also specially commend the sixteen reviews by A. Macdonald (Bury), H. W. Harwood (Halifax), Miss C. Morrish (Eastbourne), M. A. Newman (Brighton), A. Van der Pant (Highgate), Winifred Bates (Bridport), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey), Vincent Hamson (Bedford), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Barbara Rutherford (London, S.W.), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Gerald M. Michael (Birmingham), Violet A. Sulivan (Woodbridge), Elsa Gellert (Bradford), S. M. Craig (London, S.W.), E. C. Reynolds (Rochester).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to H. H. Mytton, of Wednesfield, Wolverhampton.

THE CENTENARY OF "THE SCOTSMAN."

BY R. COCHRANE.

ON January 25th, 1817, appeared the first issue of the *Scotsman*, consisting of eight quarto pages, of three columns in a page, price 10d. William Chambers recalled the excitement in Edinburgh on the advent of this new mouthpiece of Whig politics. A youth of sixteen, he waited amongst the crowd as the newspaper was handed out from the small two-roomed office in High Street, a few doors west from his own future publishing house. There was a scramble for the first copy, and Chambers only managed to get the second. In the hundred years since then the main editorial control of the newspaper, which was successful from the first, as a weekly, then bi-weekly, and as a daily since 1855, was in the hands of Charles Maclaren for thirty years: of Alexander Russel for a like period; of Robert Wallace for a short period; and under Charles A. Cooper for over twenty-five years. His successor, Mr. J. P. Croal, has been editor since 1905. A brother journalist, Hugh Miller, expressed the opinion in his day that the *Scotsman* was the best sub-edited newspaper in Scotland. Lord Cockburn had previously hailed it as immeasurably the best "newspaper that exists, or has ever existed in Scotland. Its only defect has been its heaviness." Mr. W. T. Stead, in writing on "Newspapers," referred to it as *The Times* of Scotland. Mr. Dibblee, in his little book on "The Newspaper," ascribes the predominant position it holds in Scotland as due to the combined talents of two very remarkable men, Mr. Alexander Russel, and Mr. James Law, "probably the ablest newspaper manager in the kingdom," who, this year, will have completed a period of service of about sixty years. This newspaper has thus had five leading editors, and has been published from five different offices; three in High Street, the familiar 30, Cockburn Street, and now the palatial buildings on North Bridge. In one of the corridors hangs a framed copy of the original

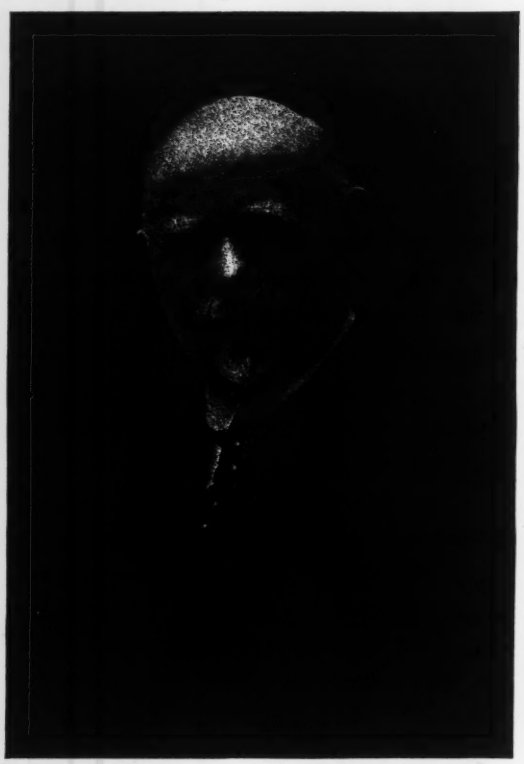


Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Mr. J. P. Croal.**
Editor of *The Scotsman.*

prospectus, dated November 30th, 1816, with silhouettes of Ritchie and Maclaren, two of the founders.

Any newspaper which has existed for a hundred years with continued acceptance from the public, and increased circulation, must have possessed virility in the editorial department and ability in business management, and it would be invidious for us to reckon up the number of rival newspapers that have fallen by the way, leaving the *Scotsman* the solitary morning newspaper in Edinburgh. The immediate suggestion for its start arose from the refusal of any of the local organs to insert, even as an advertisement, a statement drawn up by Mr. William Ritchie, solicitor, as to mismanagement in connection with the Royal Infirmary. Certain leading men would have been compromised, hence the refusal. It occurred to Charles Maclaren that now was the time to start an independent organ of public opinion in the Whig interest, a proposal which was warmly seconded by Mr. William Ritchie and his brother, Mr. John Ritchie, draper, who died in 1870 at the great age of ninety-three. Mr. Charles Maclaren, Mr. William Ritchie, and Mr. John McDiarmid, were the first responsible editors. Mr. John Ramsay McCulloch, the political economist, gave assistance during 1818 and 1819; but a sentence in a letter by Thomas Carlyle when schoolmastering at Kirkcaldy, dated February 12th, 1817, shows how little outsiders knew regarding the paper. He wrote to his friend Mitchell of Ruthwell Manse: "A weekly newspaper, the *Scotsman*, has reached the third number. I have seen them all: a little violent in their Whiggism, but well enough written in some places. Pillans and Jeffrey and Moncrieff, and many others, have been respectively named as the Editor." Adam Black, the publisher, knew better, and hailed the paper as a deliverance from the slavish sycophancy of the other organs. He thought the history of the *Beacon* and *Sentinel* set up in opposition, a chronicle of "futile malignity," and quoted Walter Scott as saying, regarding his support of the *Beacon*, "I never was so sick of a transaction in my life!" It was quite natural that *Blackwood's Magazine*, founded by William Blackwood in the following April, should bestow some unwelcome attentions on the new Whig organ when party spirit then ran so high. Maclaren edited a sixth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" for Archibald Constable.

How acute was the feeling may be judged from the fact that Charles Maclaren, espousing a quarrel which William Ritchie had with Dr. Browne of the *Caledonian Mercury*, fought a duel at Bell's Mills with that gentleman. Both opponents missed their aim and the incident was closed. Dr. Hedderwick, founder of the *Glasgow Evening Citizen*, spoke of Maclaren as "one man picked out of ten thousand," and as remarkable for simplicity, single-mindedness, and admirable ability as a political and scientific writer, and John Ritchie, then proprietor, as distinguished for shrewd sense and delightfully pawky humour. Maclaren, who died in 1866 in his eighty-fourth year, was slightly under middle height, with a spare figure, handsome face, and deep-set eyes. Alexander Russel came as his assistant in 1845, and later became his successor, with experience won on the *Berwick Advertiser* and *Fife Herald*. During his thirty years of editorship he became the most potent personality in Scottish

Photo by Drummond, Young & Wilson, Edinburgh. **Mr. John Geddie.**

journalism, and held a position which it would be impossible to reach to-day owing to changed conditions and the inroads of English journalism. "Big and burly," as one describes him, "with his genial rubicund face full of clever expression, his tilted inquisitive nose, like an incarnate note of interrogation, his bright eyes peering through his spectacles, and his hat a little back on his enormous head, he might be seen any day walking in Princes Street." He left the mark of his genius and personality on the newspaper, and as his friend, Henry Gray Graham, has said in the best paper written upon him in *Fraser's Magazine* and reproduced in his "Literary and Historical Essays," he influenced greatly the whole political and public affairs of Scotland, and he praises the untiring vigour of his work, clearness and pith of his style, skill in political dialectics, political knowledge, sarcasm, sense of the ludicrous, and wit and mirthfulness. All these qualities were fully enjoyed by an increasing number of readers, though it is certain that his successor in the chair, for four years, the Rev. Robert Wallace, of Old Greyfriars Church, wrote some of the leaders attributed to Russel while he was still in the pulpit. It was understood that Sir J. M. Barrie was asked to write a life of Alexander Russel, but it never materialised. For Russel there were glorious off-days, days at the Nest, the howff of the Edinburgh Angling Club, on the Tweed, near Clovenfords, and his jokes and jollity are evident in some of the angling songs of the Club Book. In his time he had two homes on Tweedside, first at Ettrickbank, near Selkirk, and then Nenthorn, near Kelso, where Mr. C. A. Cooper, his assistant editor, visited him, and gives in his "Editor's Retrospect" a touching picture of his later days. After four years' experience as editor of the *Scotsman* where the routine work never became congenial, Robert

Wallace went to London, to qualify for the English bar, and in 1886 entered Parliament as Radical member for East Edinburgh.

In 1865, and again in 1872, the machinery for the distribution of the *Scotsman* was so far perfected as to have a distinct effect on the circulation, which rose from 17,000 to close on 60,000. This was largely the work of Mr. James Law, the business manager. The special wire between London and Edinburgh and the introduction of the best printing plant followed. For three years before he became assistant editor to Alexander Russel, Charles A. Cooper had charge of the literary arrangements of the *Scotsman* in London. He wrote more than his chief, did the usual sub-editorial work, reviewed much of the literature which kept pouring in, and brought down the daily comments on public events to the hour of going to press, which the special wire now made possible. Cooper became editor-in-chief in 1880, and in the following year the reporters for his newspaper were for the first time represented in the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons. In his "Editor's Retrospect, Fifty Years of Newspaper Work" (Macmillan & Co., 1896), the story of his own career, that of the *Scotsman*, and his share in the work is related in a most interesting way. His name is associated with improved methods of collecting and distributing news: opposition to Home Rule, a scheme for the reviewing books as "News," and Local National Self Government. He was rapid in his judgment and a quick writer. The copy which he turned out during Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian campaign was enormous. His all-round powers of work have been shared by one of his assistant editors, Mr. John Geddie, who dedicated his "Fringes of Fife" to him.

Mr. John Ritchie Findlay, of Aberlour, grand-nephew of the late John Ritchie, was for a long period the sole proprietor of the *Scotsman*. When nine years of age he came to reside with his grand-uncle in George Square, and had his early training on the *Scotsman*, first on the commercial side and then on the literary, under Maclaren and Russel. He wrote a fine little book of recollections of Thomas De Quincey, and was the munificent donor of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, which cost him about £70,000. He died in 1898, aged seventy-four years, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Mr. John Ritchie Findlay, M.A., D.L., of Aberlour, Banffshire, who has followed in his father's footsteps in regard to useful and enlightened public service.

Mr. J. P. Croal, editor since 1905, was brought up in a journalistic atmosphere, and trained for the Press in his father's office upon the *Haddingtonshire Courier*, Haddington. Mr. Croal has been connected with the paper since 1872, and as a reporter did special work on Highland and crofter subjects, and land tenure. He went to London in 1881, when the Gallery of the House of Commons was opened to the provincial Press, and to take the management of the London office of the *Scotsman*, and act as Parliamentary Correspondent. This post he discharged with zeal and ability for twenty-five years, which gave him unique opportunities to gain knowledge of Parliamentary men and affairs. Since his advent he has strengthened the paper on its agricultural side, and on other sides is a good organiser, with a gift of getting things done. Some old-fashioned methods have been improved out of existence. In his uncle David Croal's "Early Recollections of a Journalist, 1832–1859," there are interesting glimpses of newspaper life in Glasgow and Edinburgh. It is whispered that Mr. Croal likes nothing better than fifteen minutes perusal of Shakespeare before turning in for the night, or rather the morning, after a spell of work.

The north-east and north of Scotland has been the training-ground of some of the most capable journalists who have travelled South. Two Morayshire men, Mr. Alexander Riach and Mr. John Geddie, who joined the *Scotsman* staff nearly forty-seven years ago, each did first-class journalistic work. After a time in the *Scotsman* then in the *Daily Telegraph*, Riach came back to edit a new venture, the *Evening Dispatch*, in 1886, which he did with success, fairness and ability for twenty-three years. He died in 1911. The *Weekly Scotsman* has been another successful venture. As senior assistant editor Mr. John Geddie still bears the burden and heat of the day, and is one of the most capable and many-sided journalists in Scotland, especially strong in geography and topography, and a ready and capable writer. Some good books stand to his credit: three of a general nature; and his "Balladists," "Water of Leith from its Source to the Sea," "Romantic Edinburgh," and "Fringes of Fife," besides his antiquarian and other articles contributed to volumes of the Old Edinburgh Club, and The Rhymers' Club.

THE PRACTICAL VISION.*

By W. Douglas Newton.

A CLERGYMAN showed me a newspaper article. "I've just found the type of thing for which I have been hunting a long time," he told me. "I've been wanting something that will forget the blessed word 'psychology' for the moment, and give me the practical details of the way the wounded are handled from the moment of hurt to the arrival in an English hospital. I've the recognised British appetite for finding out 'How it Works,' and I wanted not the heroic, but the commonplace daily-grind aspect of the business. And here's the very thing. I hope Lord Northcliffe will give us more facts."

The article which satisfied my friend was Lord Northcliffe's description, in *The Times*, of the underground Dressing Station on the Somme. It is contained in this book "At the War," and many articles of the same quality are herein contained. I have now told my friend that, since he has so keen a desire to learn how the wheels of war "go round," he must invest some of his offertories in Lord Northcliffe's book. He will get much of what he wants, he will also help the cause of the wounded by supplying one additional royalty to the benefit of the British Red Cross and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. For five shillings he will have enlightenment and virtue.

I have used the opinion of my friend rather ruthlessly,

* "At the War." By Lord Northcliffe. 5s. net.. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

because, it seems to me, he has expressed the values of Lord Northcliffe's writing very acutely. "At the War" before all things tells us "How it Works," it does give the mind all the pleasing and sufficing emotions of practicality. And that is the good sense, the extreme value, and, yes, the thrill of the volume It deals not merely with the one passionate moment of war, the moment of offensive, but with all that goes to make that offensive a success, the enormous and absorbing drama of detail in the camps and communications that lead up to the armies of the trenches.

Lord Northcliffe does give us more than economically and strongly drawn pictures of men and camps. He has his own impressions of the Somme, of Verdun, of neutrals, Swiss and Spanish, of leaders and the led. He gives us accounts of the Italian fighting on the arid Carso and snow-embittered Alps, that are quite the best accounts of a campaign of which we know far too little. In the main, however, he has gone to the war as a practical, businesslike man who understands the immense value of undecorative work well done, who is able to see, through his own triumphs, something of the real gold of romance that underlies such common things as telephone systems, the salvation of war debris, and the stacking of shells and food. Balzac wrote a romance in which the most thrilling chapters contained little more than a catalogue of curio shop. Lord Northcliffe has catalogued the immense British camp in North France, its boot repairing shops, its clothing repair shops where over 1,000 French and Belgian girls work for half-a-crown a day so that the British taxpayer may be saved hundreds of thousands of pounds, its Salvage Corps, which appears on the battlefield to save equipment and arms almost before the dead are buried, and the multitude of other humdrum little activities going to make up the life of the "lines of Communications"; and having set down that catalogue he has come strangely near to writing the most romantic impressions of the war.

Lord Northcliffe.
From "At the War," by Lord Northcliffe (Hodder & Stoughton).

His style of telling is quite admirable. It is businesslike, after the fashion of his vision. It is concise, direct, and elaboration is eliminated. He gives us plain accounts of aviators and aviation, and they are as satisfying and as useful to us as good carpentry well done. Those who have yet to learn, for instance, that there are three pronounced types of aeroplane, or that some of the French aeroplanes carried small cannon, or how searchlights can be worked from dynamos driven by little windmills on the planes, will understand what I mean when I insist upon Lord Northcliffe's ability to give us practical and arresting pictures of things. Each is but a trifle in itself, but our impressions of the forces making this war are made up of such small things.

In no way does this quality prove so acceptable as in the author's treatment of the whole business of the Red Cross work. He begins at the beginning and shows us how the whole process is developed from the reception of the subscription at 83, Pall Mall, to the rescue and the treatment of the wounded in the (in this case, underground) Field Post under fire. Lord Northcliffe has dwelt on this topic with the greatest tenderness, and naturally, for he has given to the cause of the wounded some of his greatest energy in this war. The whole tapestry of effort is put before us; the Departmental leaders and the Departmental work, the Headquarter organisation, the organisation of such giant hospitals as that of the Grand Seminaire of Rouen—No. 2, Rouen—the collection of the wounded, the convoys, the bewildering celerity of the passage of the stricken man from the field to the Home Port, the search for the missing and the collection of *dossiers* relating to the brave dead. The task is gigantic, but Lord Northcliffe shows how, down to the most exquisite and poignant detail, the work is going forward with a smoothness that is almost miraculous. There is no account of the Red Cross work so complete as this, there is no account so elucidating, and so comforting. Not only wounds are treated by these volunteers, not only are men made whole again, but the relatives of those who have died are informed, thanks to the untiring search of untiring "watchers," working through the wards, of the last moments of their brave. If only for these illuminating passages on Red Cross work, the book was worth writing, and is worth reading.

Lord Northcliffe is stronger in practical description than in impressionistic or speculative writing. His chapters on the German influence at work in Switzerland

and in Spain are not so irresistible. There is much to impress here, as there is in the articles on Verdun and on Generals Haigh, Joffre and Cadorna, but the effect is not so provocative. Not all his speculation, however, is of this kind. When he speaks of the men after the war, he speaks in a way which insists on attention:

"Just as Grant's soldiers, the Grand Army of the Republic, dominated the elections in the United States for a quarter of a century, so will the men I have seen in the trenches and the ambulances come home and demand by their votes the reward of a very changed England—an England they will fashion and share: an England that is likely to be as much a surprise to the present owners of Capital and leaders of Labour as it may be to the owners of the land."

Perhaps Lord Northcliffe himself will have a large hand in the fashioning of this changed England. If so, the task for preparing for the return of our men cannot be begun too early.

New Books.

WRITERS ON WRITERS.*

This series, "Writers of the Day," is particularly interesting—books about bookmen who have arrived (on waves of eulogy, or battling against disparagement, or, more likely, amid applause and hisses) written by bookmen and bookwomen who have arrived, or may arrive. The publishers might announce: "'Writers of the Day' Series—being little volumes on writers of the morning by writers who have appeared in the afternoon." And if all critics would realise that criticism is self-criticism we would have more appraisement after the nature of this—certainly honourable if not impeccable; for if a man knows he may look like something not admirable in a certain attitude, however much his instincts may be to adopt that attitude, he will try to renounce it—shamed at the thought of others, if not by his conscience.

They must be by no means easy to do, these monographs. It is more difficult to say the ultimate word on a writer of to-day than on a writer of yesterday. We have not yet attained, by the aid of Time, toward those of to-day, what an American writer has called: "A little look-off." We are so near that we see rather the waistcoat buttons, or the lace-fall first, and have to exert our focussing skill to get the whole writer in perspective. But Miss Kaye-Smith need not be ashamed of the way she has, as they say, pulled this off. She has pulled it off, her monograph on Galsworthy, in an entirely different manner from that in which Miss West (who, hastily we interpolate, lest we be jumped on wrongfully, with more read into our comparison than is in it, needn't be ashamed either) pulled hers off on Henry James. This is an attempt at exegesis; that ended as lively entertainment, the liveliest of the series that has come into our hands. This book is mainly enquiries into Galsworthy; that was mostly coruscations on James. The other made the more titillating reading, brought many a smile—and not always, it has to be admitted, an entirely sweet smile; there was an edge to the chuckle. One could imagine Miss West telling a friend that she was employed upon a book on Harry James, but Miss Kaye-Smith, we imagine, would stare aghast if one asked her how she was getting on with her study of Johnny Galsworthy!

When she comes up from her sober questing after ore and (maybe thinking she should do something in the glittering way), attempts one of the facet flashes, it is paste: "Galsworthy's bitterness is the well-bred bitterness of the pessimist at afternoon tea; Swift is the pessimist in the tavern, raging round and breaking pots." That does not seem valuable. It is not in simile, it is in thoughtfulness rather than in witty epigram, that Miss Kaye-Smith has her *métier*. Not all will agree with all her findings; but always critic differs from critic in some fashion. Though unanimity of agreement, or something near it, will doubtless be with her (to judge by other printed valuations) when she places the playwright Galsworthy higher than the novelist Galsworthy, a working majority for the claim she makes for him as artist is not (by the same token) so near a foregone conclusion. She makes a special chapter of that. There are two on the plays, two on the novels, one on the sketches, and one on "Galsworthy the Artist."

In the summing up, here and there, the crux seems missed; but perhaps it is avoided intentionally, because of her view of the scope and intention of the series. "He never attempts to enforce his social ethics by glorification of those he champions," she writes, and might have added, unless, indeed, she wouldn't agree, that he often attempts to enforce his social ethics by painting blacker than they are those he condemns. But even to the statement this reader cannot give his "Aye!"—gives it instead to Mr. Ellis Roberts' finding, as seeming nearer the truth, when he says of our author: "His persons are never allowed to interfere with his problems, nor, as a rule, does any inconvenient power of observation upset his preconceptions. . . . His types are distorted." Obviously a fine man, mark you, but we are talking of his work.

Miss Kaye-Smith has to be thanked, in these days when we run abroad in quest of heroes, till any fished-up Dutchman, with translator's preface, will do to kow-tow to (in a manner that surely Matthew Arnold, who once thought us too greatly self-satisfied, would deplore, could he come back now, the pendulum having swung), for not attempting to make out a case of foreign extraction here.

"Galsworthy," says she, "is not a writer who owes much to outside influence. The first thought of 'influence' in his case calls up ideas of French and Russian literature, but it would be surer to say that the resemblance is due to French and Russian qualities in the author's outlook and state of mind than to discipleship, either unconscious or deliberate."

That, to this critic of a critic, seems justly said. At any rate, Miss Kaye-Smith has not tried to pull it off, to revert to our earlier *argot*, by the pseudo-judicial trick of affirming and retracting. She is neither afraid nor familiar. Her little study has the tang of sincerity. That she has not gone deeper is possibly due to lack of space, or perhaps to a heightened kindliness in these cruel days, for to go deep and keen into Galsworthy may lead to disputation!

FREDERICK NIVEN.

* "John Galsworthy." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. ("Writers of the Day" Series.) 1s. 3d. net. (Nisbet.)

GOOD WRITING.*

Mr. William Watson's study of a craft in which he is an acknowledged master has two distinct virtues. It is a sustained piece of admirable writing in that rotund and dignified "older way" for which it is a plea; and it is an intellectual stimulant of considerable potency: page after page is provocative of controversy.

The division of literature into three orders—the cantative, the scriptive and the loquitive—is the first point at which the argumentative instinct is aroused. In the first of these orders Mr. Watson includes:

"The literature which, whether metrical or unmetrical, whether submissive to any law of formal rhythm or not, is felt to be, in its nature and essence, the direct outcome of such emotions or states of mind as are quite unrelated to what I have chosen to call pencraft, quite unrelated to the pen, and capable of uttering themselves through but one medium, the medium of quite obviously and literally chanted words."

* "Pencraft." By William Watson. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)—"Retrogression and Other Poems." By William Watson. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

The only examples which he adduces with the complete certainty that they comply with this definition are the songs of Saul and Jonathan, and of Deborah and Barak. But we know nothing of the circumstances of the composition of those masterpieces; and it may well be that each of them is the fruit of the long pondering and consummate art of a great poet. Even if it be assumed that, in reality as well as apparently, expression flashed immediately from inspiration, a psychologist might possibly say that the mental process involved differed not in kind but merely in speed from that which went to the making of poems known to have cost their authors years of labour. Nor is Mr. Watson's "loquitive" class more satisfactorily established. In this he places writing which is "essentially talk, arrested and perhaps methodised," and gives as examples, rather jejunely, Montaigne and Andrew Lang. It is hardly necessary to enlarge on the arbitrariness of such classification. But one might suggest that if such writing as the Essays is "essentially talk," such talk is itself "essentially literature"; and that both the loquitive and the cantative orders are at the most varieties of, certainly not separate species from, the scriptive. However, Mr. Watson does not plaster his pages too freely with these labels, which he admits "are far from being words of witchery." Dealing professedly with "scriptive" literature, he actually writes of literature at large, with particular, though not essentially exclusive, reference to poetry.

With his main contention, that you cannot have good literature without good writing, few will disagree. One's quarrel is with his implied exclusions and certain specific judgments; and also with the fact that his judgments are not always specific enough. He has been provoked to write his book by dislike of the theories and practices of some of his contemporaries, but he does not mention the name of a single living author. His attitude towards some of the dead, however, is illuminating. Blake apparently is his *bête noir*; though perhaps he is less annoyed with the poet himself than—as he puts it in a poem in his new collection—with:

> "Posturing fools
> Who in such presences [*i.e.*, Chaucer's, Shakespeare's, Milton's, and Dryden's] cackle all day of Blake."

It may be that there are a few negligible writers who consider crude and untidy writing a virtue, that they look to the great, imperfect poet of the "Songs of Innocence" for authority, and that they have critics (as negligible as themselves) to support them. Mr. Watson seems to believe that such a state of mind is prevalent; and refuses to distinguish it from the view of art which, while by no means undervaluing craftsmanship, sees in ardour and profundity of spirit some compensation for the hand's imperfections.

But Mr. Watson's standards are narrow as well as high. For him Villon is merely "a member of the dangerous classes with a knack of writing." Blake's "Sunflower," after seeming to have been "auspiciously born," is "strangled in its cradle." We re-read "The Sunflower" and are reluctantly convinced of what we had already suspected, that Mr. Watson's real objection to Blake is that he did not write like Gray.

His *dicta* on Donne, whom he amazingly believes to be "read by the literary *student* (his own italics) only," are equally significant. "His best poems abound in meat and marrow," but "his uncouthness really passes toleration." Little wonder if he is out of sympathy with the moderns who, like Donne, if too rarely with the consummate mastery which he displayed in half a dozen wonderful lyrics, are trying to find full and satisfying expression for the most intimate secrets (whether the similes therefor be in the mud or among the stars) of individual or universal life. Mr. Watson has no such experimental curiosity. His mind—though he has never lacked the courage of his opinions—has always been content with ready-made formulæ, and his thought finds fittest utterance in the traditional forms and idiom which he uses with such skill. To him the technical experimentalism which is the natural consort of the adventurous spirit is merely a perverse taste for bad workmanship. We cannot but wish, again, that he had levelled his charges with more precision, that he had come to grips, for instance, with "Emblems of Love" or "The Everlasting Mercy," or the poems of Brooke, Lawrence or Stephens. Without denying that his real and admirable love of his art would have found some legitimate cause for offence in any of those fields, one cannot doubt that the inadequacy of his standards, and the extent to which his purism is based on prejudice, would have been made more clearly manifest than they are by the generalisations to which he has chosen to confine himself.

The same line of thought which Mr. Watson has followed in "Pencraft" appears in his new volume of poems, the greater number of which are concerned with the "literary life." Some of these are equal to the best that he has written in this manner. The name-piece especially, "Retrogression," contains a passage in praise of Dryden and Gray which the elder master himself might have written. But the book, as a whole, does not help its author's reputation. It contains too many poems which are merely trivial, or tainted with Mr. Watson's besetting sin of self-complacency, or of which the splenetic savagery is deplorable.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

A SOLDIER OF LIFE*

"Do you think," asks Swift, "that I was born in a wood to be afraid of an owl?" Mr. de Selincourt, too, might put that question to the mean, sensible man, bound by his conceit, blinded by fear of any truth that was not revealed before his birth, when that mean, sensible man marvels at the author's nakedness of mind and ribald delight. For, indeed, his "soldier of life," James Wood, awakes in a wilderness of owls, owls of fear, sottish patriotism, chloroformed faith, good form, vanity, sensuality, greed. A nice little gentleman from Oxford, he went to the war, slew, was bored, lost a hand and a foot, and, on returning to restful England, for the first time heard the owls. His nerves had gone; he saw visions, and the horror of it for him was that he realised (mainly through a hallucination, a projection of his personality) "the miracle of life," self-forgetfulness, that he was shown the organised church as unworthy, marriage with Amy ("a dear little wife for any man") as fraudulent: briefly, he was, in despite of good form, made to feel.

James Wood is tragic and dionysiac; lying crippled, he tries so hard to be "sensible," to think war normal, the body enjoyable and morally repulsive; he even slides into an engagement with the dear little wife for any man, so pretty, so gay, so sensuously comfortable; but the hallucination forces him to face his true self, that is criticism and love of truth; so James Wood shrinks. As he begins to think differently from his fellows he presumes that he is going mad: this is the most ironic situation Mr. de Selincourt has ever sketched. Wood flies to his doctor, who can treat part of his mind but not the border region, to a clergyman even, who, for a moment, anæsthetises him into believing that war is chastening and retributive, as clearly as peace an evidence of impenetrable design. But nothing avails; before the tribunal of his soul, where pretty Amy plays devil's advocate, offers him a sleep in life, herself and blindness, Wood shivers. He hates war, hates deceit, form; he creates a scene at a recruiting meeting; he sloughs his pride at the bidding of Corinna, a woman of the uplands, and as he so does soars away from insanity; for insanity is magnified self, and the true self of Wood is humble before the God within him, grateful for the mercy of worldly beauty.

In "A Soldier of Life," Mr. de Selincourt at last finds a writer's wings, which in "A Daughter of the Morning," and "Realms of Day," woefully wavered. Such wings may carry an "ordinary" man from automatism, through

* "A Soldier of Life." By Hugh de Selincourt. 5s. net. (Constable.)

pain to freedom. His is the story of the seismic movement that is passing through many of us, whether suffering in the field, galled in unpleasant occupations, or trembling for those we love; splendidly conceived, it promises liberation to those who accept war, if only they will criticise it. It is not an orthodox book, though Mr. de Selincourt hates the religion that can "convert any sore to the stigma of martyrdom" only because it has failed us in our need. In its stead he sets up faith in truth, the only kingdom within us, faith in love. He understands that: "Love will always be for me now a glad, deliberate thing; a quickening of a state of being, not a change of state. Only a more direct communion with God." His characters are often rhetorical; their words fit them ill; he cannot laugh. But transpierced Sebastian did not laugh when arose before his eyes the beatific vision for which he died.

W. L. GEORGE.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS IN CHINA.*

This book is full of the quaintest bits of wisdom, such as one might expect from a very original mind, rubbing against the well-sharpened pithiness of Chinese statesmen. For Timothy Richard, the Missionary, was soon regulating Chinese affairs, and after a method of his own: "During the famine wolves became very bold, and often carried children off from their villages and devoured them. Remembering how one of the Saxon Kings had rid England of wolves, I offered a reward for every wolf captured, dead or alive." "During my first year in China a missionary friend came to me in great triumph, bearing in his hand the ancestral tablet of one of his native Christians—he was going to burn it. I remarked, 'When he burns his tablet, I suppose you will at the same time burn your parents' photographs?' This was a new idea to him. The ancestral tablet was never burned." Missionaries then "denounced many of the Chinese customs as sinful," they "had not fully studied Chinese ideas and were charging the natives with sin where there was no sin." Wherever such "tracts were circulated anti-missionary riots broke out," but "we had come to China not to condemn, but to save; not to destroy, but to fulfil; not to sadden, but to gladden." In all lectures "I pointed out how God had provided infinite powers for man's use in the forces of nature, in ignorance of which men lived like drudges. Many of the government couriers, after riding with dispatches for long distances at the rate of two hundred miles a day, often died of fatigue, while the electric telegraph was able to transmit in a few minutes messages from all round the earth, causing no exhaustion to anyone."

We are hardly surprised to find Chang Chih-tung, the most scholarly Viceroy, sending three officials to him begging him to give up his missionary work and enter the Chinese service, "so as to carry out his ideas concerning railways, mines, commerce and education." Some years afterwards, in order better to influence the leaders of China, he took a course of special study in electrical engineering. He then went to Berlin, but there the Minister of Education rose up in anger: "And when you have educated the Chinese nation, what will become of *us*?" The account of Dr. Richard's great work in the diffusion of Christian knowledge and obtaining the recognition of and subscriptions from the highest Chinese officials, is somewhat hurried over. Probably exactly his explanation of how the Russians gained Port Arthur has never been given before. The cruel murder by the Japanese of the very cultured Corean Queen alarmed the then Empress Dowager of China, who feared they might kill her also. "The astute Russian Minister, Count Cassini," did not lose his opportunity. He promised Russian protection. Port Arthur was ceded to Russia, and permission granted for the extension of the Siberian railway through Manchuria.

During the Chino-Japanese War this son and grandson of an English blacksmith not only wrote out a great scheme for the salvation of China, but also a scheme "to form a Universal Arbitration Court, by which international wars and militarism should be ended," which he submitted to the Chinese peace envoy, also to the Viceroy. His scheme of reform for China was approved by some of the highest authorities, and in part adopted, several of the reformers first paying with their lives.

It is rather surprising to find him pronouncing Li Hung Chang "the greatest man I ever met among Chinese officials. Physically he was taller than most, intellectually he towered above them all, and could see over their heads to the far beyond." Then comes his refusal to accept money for the lives of murdered missionaries and suggestion that the money offered might be devoted to the establishment in Tai-yuan-fu of a University, that might "remove the ignorance and superstition that had been the main cause of the massacre of the foreigners there." The Western department was put under his control for ten years, and missionaries were at liberty to work among the students. Later on he draws up seven rules for missionaries, of which the first is: "That if any missionary should circulate literature showing disrespect to the religions of China, he should be removed." On hearing his rules the R. C. Archbishop of Westminster said: "If these regulations had been observed, we should not have had to mourn over the massacre of our missionaries."

This volume, while offering invaluable advice to intending missionaries, will probably be read with greater interest by those quite uninterested in missionary effort, here presented in a light wholly different from that usually received. Dr. Richard's sympathies are all with the poor people, but he would help them through the scholars and leaders of the nation.

ALICIA LITTLE.

* "Forty-Five Years in China." Reminiscences by Timothy Richard, D.D., Litt.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE DUBLIN INSURRECTION.*

"The day before the rising was Easter Sunday, and they were crying joyfully in the churches, 'Christ has risen.' On the following day they were saying in the streets 'Ireland has risen.'"

Thus Mr. James Stephens begins his "Foreword" to his account of the "Insurrection in Dublin" as he saw it. "This has taken everybody by surprise" is the first sentence of the first chapter of his narrative, and though it was written of Dublin, it is true of the whole of the rest of Ireland. The outbreak was as a "bolt from the blue," and for days after it was announced the country folk were bewildered and incredulous. When the truth dawned on them, they were angry and resentful. There were two reasons at least for their resentment—some—many, had kinsfolk fighting the common enemy, others had or hoped to have farms in perpetuity, and a German invasion would be fatal to their ambitions, apart from the fact that the "common people" in Ireland have very long historical memories and were aware that the Prussian invasion of Ireland a hundred years and more ago had not left pleasant memories.

The Insurrection was as unexpected by Mr. Stephens as it was by nearly everybody else, including many who took part in it. He went to his office as usual and at one o'clock he went to lunch. On the way homeward he observed two small groups of people looking in the direction of Stephen's Green. "As I turned from them homewards, I received an impression of silence and expectation and excitement."

That was the beginning. What followed is more or less known. Dublin during that week of submission to the Rebels—for it must be remembered that before the Rising Dublin had substituted the "Khaki" for the "Green," and the soldiers, the "Dublins" and the "Royal Irish," were the darlings of the populace—was more like a French than—let us say—an English city. As for the prospect

* "The Insurrection in Dublin." By James Stephens. 2s. 6d. (Maunsel.)

of German aid, Mr. Stephens gives his opinion: "I do not believe they expected German armies, nor do I think they would have welcomed these with any cordiality." I am sure that Mr. Stephens is quite right in this. The Irish as a people hate the Germans; what love they have for those outside their own kin is for the French, and that love has not been nurtured as it might have been.

The Rising of Easter Week is over, and the principal thoroughfare of Dublin is in ruins. Possibly the spectacle of Dublin may act as a warning to rebellious Irish as to what might happen if the Germans ever succeeded in effecting a landing in Ireland.

"The country was not with it (the rising)," writes Mr. Stephens, "for be it remembered that a whole army of Irishmen, possibly three hundred thousand of our race, are fighting with England instead of against her. In Dublin alone" (and no one knows Dublin more intimately than Mr. Stephens) "there is scarcely a poor home in which a father, a brother, or a son is not serving on one of the many fronts which England is defending."

Mr. Stephens knew many of the leaders of the Insurrection. Of them he writes:

"Those of the leaders whom I knew were not great men, nor brilliant—that is, they were more scholars than thinkers, and more thinkers than men of action, and I believe that in no capacity could they have attained to what is called eminence, nor do I consider they coveted any such public distinction as is noted in that word."

The history of the Rebellion of 1916 has yet to be written, but up to this date the most valuable contribution to its elucidation, as well as the most distinguished in a literary sense, is that of Mr. Stephens.

H. A. HINKSON.

WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING.*

At no period of its history since it became the town residence of the Dukes of Devonshire in 1697 has Devonshire House been so great a power in the social and political worlds as it was when Georgiana, daughter of the first Earl Spencer, held sway as its mistress—a period extending from 1774, the date of her marriage with the fifth Duke, to her death in 1806. It was not a happy marriage, but that fact did not, at any rate for some time, seem to damp her high spirits or vivacity. Youth, too, was on her side—she was only seventeen at the time of her marriage.

Her salon was the meeting place of the most important and interesting people of the period. Charles James Fox, Sheridan and Gibbon were constant visitors. Here came, though less frequently, Horace Walpole. Samuel Johnson, too, was a guest at whose visit Sir Nathaniel Wraxall informs us that he had "seen the Duchess of Devonshire in the first bloom of her youth hanging on the sentences which fell from Johnson's lips and contending for the nearest place to his chair." At another time he visited the Duke and Duchess at Chatsworth, on which occasion in a letter to her mother the Duchess wrote: "He does not shine quite so much in eating as in conversing, for he eat much and nastily."

Gambling was the vice to which the Duchess was excessively addicted. To conceal her losses from the Duke she had to resort to the money-lenders as we find from the following letter in the "Diary of a Lady-in-Waiting" dated December 18th, 1779, only a little over five years after her marriage with the Duke:

"Mr. D[——]ll having lent me two thousand six hundred and fifty pounds, I do hereby promise to pay him two hundred and fifty pounds every three months, at the usual quarter days, and continue to pay that sum quarterly to him or his heirs (allowing five per cent. interest, and five per cent. for insurance of my life per annum), until principal, interest and insurance shall be fully paid. (*Signed*) G[EORGIANA] D[EVONSHIRE]"

Lady Charlotte Bury adds the agreement of Mr. D——ll:

"My agreement is, that in case the Duchess does not pay me two hundred and fifty pounds quarterly, that I shall acquaint the Duke of D[evonshire] with this transaction; and her Grace has promised, in case of her death or other accidents, to leave

* "The Devonshire House Circle." By Hugh Stokes. 12s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

From "The Devonshire House Circle" (Jenkins).

in writing a request that I may be paid, as I have lent her the money to relieve her from play debts, under a solemn promise that she will not play in future.

"(*Signed*) J. D[——]."

Whether the money was repaid or whether the Duke was informed we do not know, but it seems fairly certain that the Duchess did not keep her promise, for, some few years later, her husband is stated to have paid her debts amounting to £100,000.

In addition to her influence as leader of fashion, she greatly interested herself in political affairs on behalf of the Whigs, and in the general election of 1784 helped much by her energetic action to return Fox to Parliament as one of the members for Westminster. Kisses were given in return for votes. In connection with this incident, Mr. Stokes reproduces a caricature which with others adds to the interest of the book.

The Duchess was frequently the victim of sermonisers and lampoonists. Mr. Stokes quotes long passages from "An interesting letter to the Duchess of Devonshire," a pamphlet which is conjectured to have been written by a clergyman. This is not so. The author was William Combe now chiefly remembered by his "Tours of Dr. Syntax."

Early in the eighties of the eighteenth century, the Duchess made the acquaintance of the unfortunate Lady Elizabeth Foster, granddaughter of the first Earl of Bristol. This acquaintance soon ripened into the most sincere friendship, and ultimately Lady Elizabeth became a permanent inmate of Devonshire House. The fact that she became the mistress of the Duke, and subsequently the mother of several of the Duke's children, did not annul

the friendship. Three years after the death of the Duchess in 1806, Lady Elizabeth became the Duke's second wife. Mr. Stokes states that the marriage took place "quietly." If the account given in the *Examiner* for October 29th, 1809, be correct, the ceremony was a secret one, as it was performed "in the presence only of two gentlemen from Doctors' Commons." It is further stated that "owing to a blunder committed by a person who was sent express in a postchaise-and-four for certain documents, the marriage ceremony was delayed till midnight."

Mr. Stokes's work is an interesting summary of what has been previously written in the various biographies, memories and histories of the period. He does not appear to have made any important discoveries in the course of his researches.

There are several blunders in the book which, by a little more care, could have been avoided. He appears to confuse William Combe with Peter Pindar; he states that Johnson died in 1783 instead of 1784; on page 62 we are told that a week after the marriage of the Duke of Devonshire and Lady Georgiana Spencer, Lady Betty Hamilton was married to Lord Stanley, whereas the latter marriage did not take place until eighteen days later. Then on page 174 Mr. Stokes informs us that Horace Walpole never appears to have heard the rumour of the doubt as to his paternity. This statement is contradicted by Professor Beasly in his article on Pope in the "Cambridge History of English Literature" in the following words: "The reciprocal devotion between the Herveys and Lady Mary Wortley Montague offended Pope and Horace Walpole who suspected the ladies of scandal about his paternity." A more astonishing statement—astonishing, not only on account of its ineptitude but also for its inaccuracy—is that "Alexander Pope had words with 'Sporus' concerning his attentions to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

THE RISE OF LEDGAR DUNSTAN.*

This is a long book, but it only leaves the hero on the evening of his marriage, and we are informed that a sequel entitled "The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan" is to follow. A reviewer is neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but he predicts that the sequel will have something to do with the present war. Meantime, Ledgar Dunstan is set before us from childhood onwards. It is a novel on the Arnold Bennett plan, describing the rise of the hero from an ugly Nonconformist household into comparative prosperity, his literary and social interests, his opinions on life in general, his failure to win the heart of one girl and his marriage to another. Mr. Sheppard writes with some sense of humour; he tells a story well, though not always very accurately he has a vivid eye for the cruelty and mystery of life as a young man sees it; he piles episode on episode; hurries over some, as, for example, the school-days; elaborates others inartistically, as, for example, the visit to the lunatic asylum. But invariably he is interested in the world of men and things and he manages to convey this interest to his readers. It is like a first book. The author has not learned to select and reject. One thing after another is thrown in, page after page of opinions on art, religion, and society. But these faults of construction are carried off by the abounding vitality of the writer, and if he learns to prune his words and ideas in the sequel he will achieve a real success. As it is he has written a book that is often delightful and more than once penetrating in its criticism of life. It shows force and freshness of thought, and a power of expression which gives good promise of more mature work to come, when the author realises that people don't quote poetry at length in conversation, and that it is a mistake to fill pages with abstract discussions upon philosophy and art in the form of monologues. The clue, or one of the clues to Ledgar Dunstan's character, is suggested in the description of his visit to the theatre:

"And Coquelin and Bernhardt in 'Cyrano!' The French a little difficult to follow; but how glorious! The pastry-cook's—Cyrano's duel. At the end of the couplet—*I strike . . .*' the sentinel, who is to play a lively tune for a woman, a slow tune for a man, playing both as a monk enters (and here is part of the tragedy of Ledgar's temperament; both tunes played when he was born!)."

In this volume the tragedy is still undeveloped. But there is a hint of it. We do not feel that the handsome, aristocratic Mary Beltinge has won his heart; he is not soundly in love with her, and indeed it looks as if he could not abandon himself to the love-passion truly. Still, Mr. Sheppard only suggests this. He has plenty to do in this volume with unbaring Dunstan's crude, eager, puzzled outlook upon life, and he rightly brings out the humour rather than the complication and troubles of such a temperament as his hero was possessed of. One of his friends who had theories about education proposed to hang up in every nursery a card with this motto:

"YOU ARE UPSIDE DOWN.
EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD IS UPSIDE DOWN.
LEARN TO STAND ON YOUR HEAD."

Dunstan is busy, through this book, in discovering the truth of that motto; it amuses him, annoys him, and helps to stimulate him. Mr. Sheppard does manage to make all this interesting to his readers, and the novel is a distinct success of its kind. There is stuff in it to make the reader think as well as laugh.

J. M.

THE SAME OLD NAVY.*

Now and then one feels that the Kiplingesque manner is a little out of place when detailing the wonders and doings, the miracles and realities, the triumphs of those who work and keep ward upon the seas. The part played in this great war by the Navy and its auxiliaries—mine-sweepers, motor patrols, and goodness knows what else, manned by the heroes of the mercantile marine—is so vast and essential that any account of it loses unless described with directness and simplicity. It is a tale that would gain by being plainly told, without literary gulps or word-jugglery, however effective those mannerisms and qualities have proved on other occasions.

When its full true story comes to be written, if ever that be possible, this side of Styx, what a tale it will be! Mr. Kipling has manifestly felt hampered by the limits imposed on his task. All contemporaries suffer in the same way. A true view of the war, whether on sea or land, is beyond us; it needs perspective; and that we shall not get for many a day. Even when the historian can go to work in his methodical manner, he will not be able to capture the thrills and emotions, however deceptive they may sometimes be, that are within our experience. Meanwhile, we are glad to have whatever the true scribes give us, though it be very like a view of naval activities seen with momentary flashes through a port-hole darkly.

The Navy in this tremendous adventure has failed us not at all. Mr. Kipling gives good witness of that. He has culled from confidential documents and log-books in the Admiralty, numerous instances, moving instances, of how those mighty young men in blue and gold are safeguarding the seas of this ancient commonwealth and making excellent mischief in enemy waters. In destroyer and submarine they speed into danger and out again, sometimes crippled and "paralytic"; sometimes they are left broken with nothing to do but cheer and sink—they do not forget to cheer. It is well for us who must stand and wait to know something of the actualities they go through. Mr. Kipling in this book, which seems to read far better than the newspaper-articles did, though he has retained the intrusive cross-headings, tells of deeds which would make Drake, Blake, and Nelson, and the other great heroes of old, envious and proud if they knew (and they must know) how the Navy they made, taught and led, keeps up the old traditions. Travelling under minefields; waiting

* "The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan." By Alfred Tressider Sheppard. 6s. (Duckworth.)

* "Sea Warfare." By Rudyard Kipling. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

among Baltic floes to catch prey for a torpedo; ramming full-charge at a cruiser as, at least, one destroyer did, a bull-dog attacking a bull; towing in desperate straits a battered sister-ship out of the hurly in spite of every difficulty invented by Father Neptune; sweeping with infinite pains the mines laid to impede and injure neutral traffic—ye gods, the Navy plays the old, old game in the grand old manly way, which, in simple truth, has made it the pride of English hearts. Best of all. Mr. Kipling proudly claims that "through all the haste and fury of these multiplied actions, when life and death and destruction turned on the twitch of a finger, not one life of any non-combatant was wittingly taken." This is an established fact of pride, which was indeed a commonplace, for the British sailor, and soldier too, has always fought cleanly and kept the rules; it is a part of the tradition, "it works in the unconscious blood of those who serve"; but it needs emphasis now, because Fritz, the Yahun, has deliberately not played the game, and has the multitudinous seas incarnadined with the blood of innocence. Great is the story Mr. Kipling has to tell; and we ask for more. It is the noblest of tales; and it needs no extravagance of fancy to believe that up aloft, where the little cherub sits, the shades of great sailors wait to know the stories slain newcomers bring, so to find some measure of their paradise in the consciousness that the Navy they served and loved bears its glories undimmed.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

THE POETS' WINTER.

Poetry, which was languid before the war, has been recreated by the war and the great emotions of the war. The poets have now great subjects for their poetry, and they rise to be worthy of them. Poets are making poetry, and it is being read with avidity, because the war which has shattered many things has rebuilt our ideals, and poetry, unless it be unworthy, is the expression of the ideal in the soul of man.

Of the six volumes under review there is but one unconcerned with the war, and there is not one negligible. Each in its diverse degree is pure poetry. The first under the reviewer's hand, "Pilgrim's Joy,"[1] is the poetry of an Oxford man who is a missionary in Mashonaland. No doubt the mystic in him sent him to that banishment, and the great solitudes and the loneliness have developed the strain. He must be counted of the mystical poets, of the company of Crashaw and Herbert, Southwell and Cowley, Henry Vaughan and Francis Thompson. It is a beautiful little book into which we may dip for spiritual delights, and not only for delights, but for the "drynesses," which are the very mark of the Saint. He is not for those who run to read, but, like all the mystics, he has wound-wort and ladders-to-heaven and heartsease for the pilgrim soul. He is not always so perfectly simple as in this:

ON FOOT.

"No bridge for me with easy span,
Rather a shallow, brawling ford,
Where I may venture as a man
Upon the errands of my Lord,
And plunge and struggle and be glad
When once across, for slips I had.

No bed for me so soft and high,
I sleep this autumn night aground;
My camp-fire's red all night so nigh,
My star-spied sleep not over-sound.
How oft I wake and stare to see
If yet the East has news for me!

No altar set with lacquered brass,
But granite grey, with lichen dight
Wears gallant orange for my Mass—
How blue my dome, how amber bright!
Bellman and bedesman mounts the Day
An 'Ite missa est' to say.

At table of the dew-cold earth
I break my fast, then lift my load
With lonely freedom for my mirth,
With hope for spur and faith for goad.
No wings or wheels for me, but grace
To go my footsore Master's pace."

[1] "Pilgrim's Joy." By A. C. Cripps. 2s. 6d. net. (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.)

"The Death of Fionavar"[2] has a peculiar interest. Written by Miss Eva Gore Booth it is "decorated" by her sister, Countess Markievicz, whose stormy spirit is in these wild, imaginative designs. Miss Gore Booth is as true a poet as her sister is an artist. Her poem is of Maeve, the Warrior-Queen of Ireland, whose sword falls from her hand when her tender little daughter, Fionavar, is slain. It is pure and lofty poetry, Celtic, as Mr. Yeats's is, which is not to say that it is in any sense derived. It is strangely prophetic of the time to be, for Countess Markievicz's designs must have been pre-Rebellion; but the whole beautiful and passionate poem is full of her, and it hardly needs the dedication and the prefatory poem:

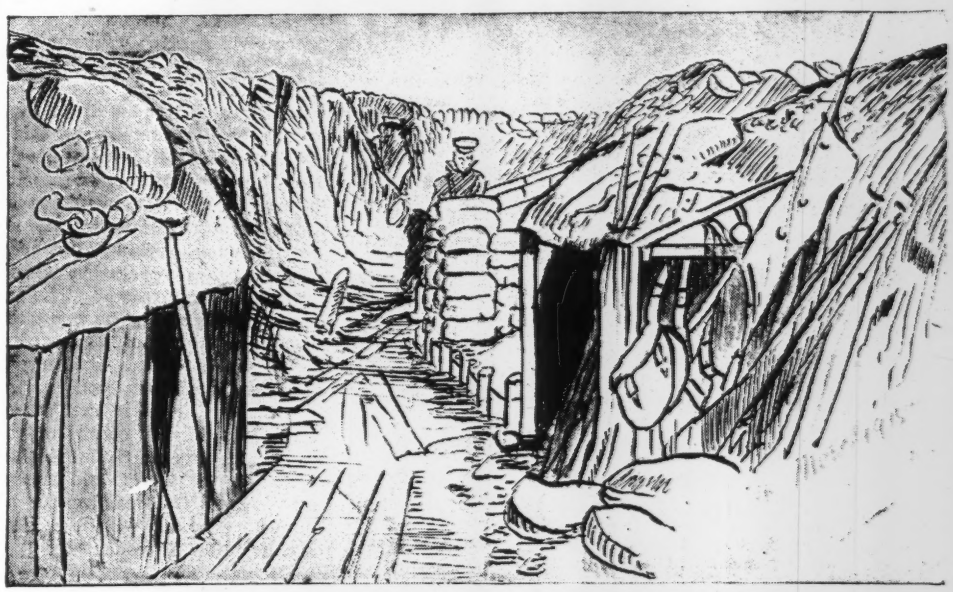
"Poets, Utopians, bravest of the brave,
Pearse and MacDonagh, Plunkett, Connolly;
Dreamers turned fighters but to find a grave,
Glad for the dream's austerity to die.
* * * * *
And my own sister . . ."

to reveal that the book is alive with the beating of Constance Markievicz's wild and generous heart.

Mr. Bashford has the lyrical gift. His oddly-named "Songs Out of School"[3] sing and dance themselves. It

[2] "The Death of Fionavar." By Eva Gore Booth. Decorated by Countess Markievicz. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine MacDonald.)

[3] "Songs Out of School." By H. H. Bashford. 2s. net. (Constable.)



The Birth-Place of a Song.

From "A Soldier's Sketches under Fire," by Harold Harvey (Sampson Low & Co.). Reviewed in the Christmas BOOKMAN.

is poetry which is a pure joy to read, full of honest things, love and gardens and children and tender religion, and "the wind on the heath." A child could enjoy the sing-song of it, or a blackbird might cock his ear at it. It is as "jolly" as T. E. Brown's

"Oh, blackbird, what a boy you are!"

full of the joy of life, yet with the sense of tears without which joy is soulless.

"War Plays,"[4] by Allan Monkhouse, ought to supersede the problem plays of our pre-war days, when people ran after the unholy, and the newest prophet was August Strindberg. Each little play has a strong dramatic situation; not a point is missed: the diction is good and pure, the moral for the hour in two of the plays at least. Perhaps the third play is rather distressing; but no one will deny that it is a very strong situation—not in the sense of the dramatist, novelist or poet who is strong as putridity is strong. This last play has already been acted. The other two should be seen on the boards.

"Sea Garden,"[5] by H. D., is the work of Miss Hilda Aldington, to whom people point when you say you can see nothing in Imagist poetry—for the matter of that, in anything-ist poetry. But one concedes that H. D. interests. There is real poetry in these queer poems, which might be translations from the Greek, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Indian—anything exotic and strange. At least she brings together a number of beautiful words; but if she had treated them in the English manner her poems would be none the worse.

These last three volumes are from Messrs. Constable, who are bringing out a new poetry series, a fact which is in itself a sign of the times. The concluding volume of the bundle—little but good—is one of Mr. Erskine Macdonald's "Little Books of Georgian Verse," also a sign of the revival of interest in poetry. "White Roads,"[6] by R. D. Ince, is one of the best of the series. It has sensitiveness, delicacy, and a gentle beauty, and it is lyrical, though not so gaily and daringly lyrical as Mr. Bashford's poems. Now and again there is something hauntingly sweet:

"Whither goes the music when the player ceases?
Unto what hidden glade
By jealous willows made.
What heaven of April skies
To which each note doth rise
Lighter than any wind that sings and flies?
* * * * *
Whither goes the music when the player ceases?
His finger has quitted the strings,
But still it sails and it sings;
Into far fields where children stray,
Deep dream-meadows of heavenly play
On a frail lost wind is it borne away?"

The storm that has shaken down so many nests would seem to have brought England back to be a grove of singing-birds.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE SPIRITUAL ASCENT OF MAN.*

A Rabbinical story informs us that God first created angels, whose will was so firm they could neither do wrong nor dream of judging wrong. God next made the beasts, who were equally steadfast in evil deeds and mistaken opinions. God grew tired of both sets of beings. He said, "It will be interesting to create Man, giving him daily choice of ascending towards the angels or descending towards the brutes." If the clergy will stand for angels, and men of Science will be so obliging, for the nonce, as to accept the part of earth-bound beasts, we may enjoy a morality play, in which man, the philosopher—nay, a procession of philosophic men—will seek a *via media*, perhaps hardly to be defined as is a mathematical line. This book precisely presents us with the adventures of such a pilgrim crowd: a crowd of our contemporaries; Boutroux, Driesch, Bradley, McTaggart, McDougall, Bosanquet, J. S. Haldane, Nettleship, Royce, Sorley—and more, in plenty. Their devious path through boscage soon goes underground, and when we emerge from the obscurity with this company of eminents, we find we have reached the door connected with the Upper Room in Jerusalem. But—although McTaggart and some others of the tourists seem more astonished and less gratified than we spectators are—what other terminus could have been expected? The party of explorers found themselves personally conducted by a sworn disciple of Eucken.

Mr. Tudor Jones is not a stylist, and has not companied with the stylists. He has perforce companied with Bradley and some of Bradley's following, who manage the keyed organ of English—the English, not only of Milton, but of Berkeley and Hume—so that under their hands the thing becomes a sewing machine. But Mr. Jones is really competent, deeply read in his subject, honest in his methods, sunnily-minded towards the thinking brethren from whose works it is here his business to cite passage after passage. For, after all, this work confesses itself a *catena*; and it is a *catena* formed with care.

The argument practically leaves out "God" till the concluding pages are reached. On experimental lines, the author, after delivering shrewd blows at Haeckel and Loeb, bids us observe that "when we pass from the natural to the mental sciences, we pass to a second kind of world which grows out of the world of nature."

"Each science has its Many (its parts), and its One (its whole). The *Ones* of the various sciences, as we mount up the scale, are several, are *many*: these consequently are treated as parts on the plane above their own oneness and wholeness, and they finally merge into a totality that is formed within the conclusions of a more comprehensive domain of knowledge and life. And it is thus that we rise from science to philosophy, from philosophy to religion, and from religion to ultimate Reality. This ultimate Reality is not anything that has been brought forth by mere fancy. The Reality has been brought forth by the world and its meaning, as these gradually reveal themselves in human consciousness."

The mechanistic theory of life falls under review; then Ostwald's doctrine of Energetics, which is pretty well Solovief's, and which goes half-way back to Berkeley. Schäfer, in chastened mood, next appears, unexpectedly, among the prophets. Mr. Jones and J. S. Haldane end a chapter on "Matter and Life" with the defence of personality. The next chapter, "Body and Mind," centres round the fine contention of Wundt that there is a law of increase in spiritual energy, as opposed to the law of conservation of energy in physics. Particularly valuable are the remarks on Bergson's views about a form of intuition that is instinct plus intelligence. The literary student will do well to compare all this with the manner in which Wordsworth and Coleridge and even De Quincey wrote of that brooding faculty so much superior to "mere mean intelligence." "If man," says our author, "could not pass beyond the level of science, he might know a good deal about other things, but he could never know himself." "The acme of evolution is the evolution of soul." An unguarded expression? The man of science might interpose a query as to the point at which we first detect the introduction of soul. Edward Caird is brought in to enlarge on his "three domains." Man can look outwards (physics) inwards (psychology), upwards (religion). It is in the second domain that the need of order in our normal thinking utters its claim, and thence to the third domain is a passage seemingly inevitable. So we proceed, through a chapter on "The Is and the Ought," and another chapter on "Values" (some thin ice here for philosophers; and plump clergymen will be in great danger); and we reach a conception of God.

"The Godhead, on the one hand, is to be found in the ever deepening total-experience gained by the whole nature of man; and, on the other hand, God is the *More* which this total experience sees and feels as a *Beyond* that is in front of itself."

[4] "War Plays." By Allan Monkhouse. 2s. net. (Constable.)
[5] "Sea Garden." By H. D. 2s. net. (Constable.)
[6] "White Roads, and Other Verses." By Richard D. Ince. 1s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

* "The Spiritual Ascent of Man." By W. Tudor Jones, B.Phil. With an Introduction by A. L. Smith, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford. 5s. net. (University of London Press.)

Mr. Tudor Jones has composed a manly, and even inspiring book, making through philosophy for a fresher statement of the need for righteousness, and the grounds of righteousness. If any one who is a real reader happens to be now becalmed in speculation's doldrums, let him tackle "The Spiritual Ascent of Man," and ere he ends it, a steady breeze will have filled his sail. Agnosticism is a word invented by a brave man; but in the view of present-day thinkers it often signifies a cloak for the cowardly and the lazy. The cloak is already shabby and threadbare. It is going to pieces. ERIC S. ROBERTSON.

BAIRNSFATHER.*

Bairnsfather's name is already a household word, and its magic is scarcely greater at home than it is in the trenches where there are no households. Before the war most of us had not heard of him; the war has furnished him with his vocation, and he has embodied in his whimsically, grotesquely humorous drawings the irrepressible spirit of fun and laughter and jesting goodfellowship that has kept the men of our Armies in good heart among the mud and water of Flanders, and under shell-fire everywhere. Captain Bairnsfather is no stay-at-home artist making merriment out of the mishaps and dangers of others; he has shared in the perils, hardships and discomforts that he turns to matter for laughter, and in "Bullets and Billets" writes and illustrates a lively and vividly realised account of his experiences in the fighting zone, from the time of his landing at Havre, to the day on which, having been wounded in action, he was transferred from the field-hospital to finish his convalescence in Blighty. There is humour in his pen as well as in his pencil, and his book is not only one of the most amusing, it is also one of the most graphic and intimate accounts we have read of what modern warfare means.

In "Bairnsfather: A Few Fragments from his Life," an anonymous friend supplies an unconventional, anecdotal biography of the artist, telling of his ancestry, and the story of his earlier and later years, of his military career, and how he scored his first success with those "Fragments in France" that soon made him famous. It makes capital reading, and the numerous sketches that enliven it reveal Bairnsfather as an artist before the war as well as since. Yet a third book illustrated by the same hand is "Somme Battle Stories," recorded by Captain A. J. Dawson. These stories are gathered from the soldiers themselves and narrate, in racy soldier language, thrilling, moving, or amusing episodes and incidents of the battle-field. One may single out as the best where all are good, the three chapters on "The Spirit of the British Soldier," "A Reverend Corporal" and "The Cockney Fighter." If you want an excellent pen-picture of Bairnsfather, you have it in Mr. Vivian Carter's first chapter in the second of these books; and the illustrations in all three, to say nothing of the multitude of them in the *Bystander*, justify him in saying that "Bairnsfather has been the unsolicited and unexpected laughter-maker-in-ordinary to the forces of the British Empire at war—a volunteer laughter-maker, who combined laughter-making with fighting, and extracted mirth and drollery from the most horrible situations ever endured by human man."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.†

This is not in any ordinary sense a biography of ex-President Roosevelt, it is rather a study of his characteristics as a public man by one who entered Harvard with him in 1876, and has known him ever since. Mr. Washburn says of Mr. Roosevelt, when the tragedy of 1901 made him automatically President, that he "brought to his great task high ideals, prodigious industry, an active and an educated mind, a good deal of political experience, and an honest desire to do his best," and on finishing the reading of the volume we hark back to that passage and find that it might be said of him at any stage of his career—after his gaining of political experience, that is. For it is evident that Mr. Roosevelt has become a political figure more owing to a series of accidents than to any personal political ambition.

"Certainly no one had ever reached the office of President through such an unusual pathway. No one would seriously contend that, up to this point [September, 1901], Roosevelt had given evidence of any political ambition or done anything with the purpose to advance his political fortunes. He entered the Legislature unexpectedly, and as he thought and intended, for a single year. After three years of service, he voluntarily abandoned politics and engaged in other pursuits. He was called to a place in the Civil Service Commission and as Police Commissioner, neither office offering the slightest hope of political preferment. He became Assistant-Secretary of the Navy and left the office to be a soldier. He was elected Governor without the slightest volition of his own, was forced into the Vice-Presidency, and made President by the act of God."

The final statement is perhaps a queer way of alluding to the murder of President McKinley, but for the rest we do see from this straightforward personal study the way in which circumstance made of the mighty hunter, the strenuous writer (Mr. Roosevelt's literary "output" would suffice to establish the reputation of a bookmaker) one of the greatest political figures of his time in America. As a political figure we are shown how in the successive positions he has occupied he has always stood out for manly straightforward ideals, and are made to feel that the great popularity which he has enjoyed has testified to the strength of those ideals among his countrymen. Mr. Washburn's book should serve to make English readers realise something of that which is behind the more or less superficial Roosevelt of cabled "news."

THE CASTAWAYS.*

We hear a good deal, these days, about the moods of authors; of the moods of readers, however, little enough is said, though publishers, by now, must have an interesting record of the predilections of wartime readers. Few authors have the comforting assurance that the sight of their names on a cover will put the reader in tune with their subject-matter. Mr. W. W. Jacobs belongs to the fortunate few. One always opens a new novel from his pen with the expectant feelings of a schoolboy home for the Christmas holidays and full of memories of plums and pantomimes. But if you open "The Castaways" like that, expecting an immediate tonic whiff of "Captains All" or "A Skipper's Wooing," you are doomed to disappointment—albeit a temporary one. For the opening chapters belie the title, and exhale nothing more nautical than a pair of elderly bank-clerks, who, coming unexpectedly into an immense fortune, allow themselves to be exploited by a delightfully brazen young slacker in the carrying through of his love affair. These chapters amuse with their atmosphere of easy-going chaff and garden-party banter, but the real fun begins when the yacht *Starlight* appears on the horizon, and the Jacobean climax is reached with the make-believe mutiny on the yacht. This mutiny, which is got up to test the courage of one of the passengers, has an unexpected development resulting in the two chief conspirators, Lady Penrose and the owner of the yacht, being marooned on an uninhabited island, while the skipper has to undergo an ordeal the nature of which may be faintly suggested by the boatswain's remarks as he gazes respectfully at the protruding eyes and purple cheeks of his trussed and well-gagged master: "I 'ope I done as you wished, sir. . . . No bloodshed, and everybody 'appy and comfortable." Lady Penrose and her set have no monopoly of the love-making in the story, for Mr. Jacobs plays

* "Bullets and Billets." By Bruce Bairnsfather. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)—"Bairnsfather: A Few Fragments from His Life." Collected by a Friend. With some critical chapters by Vivian Carter. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Somme Battle Stories." Recorded by Captain A. J. Dawson. Illustrated by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

† "Theodore Roosevelt: The Logic of His Career." By Charles G. Washburn. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

* "The Castaways." By W. W. Jacobs. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

merrily on the heart-strings of a butler, a chauffeur, and a lady's maid, to say nothing of the collective crew of the yacht. And such love-making! "The first time I see you (said the boatswain) I says to the carpenter, 'That's a dainty little piece o' goods,' I says." "And what did he say?" inquired Miss Mudge carelessly. The boatswain was not prepared for the question. "It don't matter what 'e said," he replied guardedly, "but I told 'im if ever he said it agin I'd give him something for himself he'd remember all his lifetime." By which extract you may test your mood forthwith and decide whether "The Castaways" is calculated to cheer or depress.

THE READING PALATE.*

It is an old proposition that the average man might write an entertaining book if he would only recount in all simplicity the things that have happened to him in his sphere of life. It is a big "if," because the sense of happenings and the art of simple statement are just what the average man lacks and the born writer possesses. We do not talk so loosely about a man's life among books. There, we see that to be interesting he must have the sense of good happenings and the art of communication. But it is a pretty sound proposition that a well-read man can write an interesting book by simply telling us what books he has read and why he has enjoyed them. Some of the best essays ever written are the most bookish, and some of the best Letters—FitzGerald's for example, and Lord Byron's in a degree that is hardly recognised—owe their charm to this element. Amiel's "Journal" is, for one at least, deeply interesting merely as a record of an omnivorous reader's contacts with books. And there is that excellent forgotten book, Thomas Green's "Diary of a Lover of Literature," which only one man has ever mentioned to me, but he, as it happens, a reader with a fine palate. It comes into the list.

Mr. Turner's essays give me this kind of pleasure. He has a palate and a great gift of quotation, which is to say, again, a palate. A book like this is probably a far better stimulus to sound reading than any amount of direct and "correct" guidance, and I would give it to any young reader whose book-hunger seemed to be vague or fitful.

"Falling in Love" suggests airy psychological musings, but Mr. Turner's first essay shows that he is thinking of the poets, and the succeeding five or six essays are shrewd studies of the love enterprises and disasters of Byron, Shelley, Burns, and Keats. Then he breaks away into general literary topics, such as Letter-writing, the Poetry Market, Minor Poets, Boswelliana, Children's Books, Plagiarism, the Right Word, etc.

It is on the latter essays—the "Other Matters"—that I have myself lingered longest, though every essay throws up excellent flotsam of suggestion and quotation. For example, the more or less tragic business of adjusting literary work to married life has never been more condimentally conveyed than in the story by which Mr. Turner indicates the whole war of exhaustion waged at No. 5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea. On one occasion, after suppressing the click of his wife's knitting-needles, Carlyle continued his work, only to groan presently, "Jane, I can hear you breathing!"

These essays have given me much walking exercise around my shelves, in pursuit of good things which I had missed or forgotten, or—as in the case of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters—of which I had none but hearsay knowledge. He has read more of Dr. Johnson's writings, as distinct from his talk, than most of us. Thus in the essay on Plagiarisms he quotes the Doctor's sensible protest against our refusal to see coincidence in Letters though we jump at any hint of it in life. But I am not sure that Mr. Turner, who approves this, always applies it in his selection of "plagiarisms," some of which—including one or two of Robert Montgomery's so lashed by Macaulay—seem to deserve the full benefit of this sane and charitable doctrine. Macaulay could have proved Gray's "Elegy" to be a mass of imitations just as easily. By the way, Carlyle's use "without inverted commas" of the words, "a forked radish with head fantastically carved" is surely only an example of that real grace in literature, allusive quotation. I refuse to regard Mr. Turner as a stickler for inverted commas where an author pays his reader the compliment of assuming that he knows his Shakespeare.

Talking of Shakespeare, Mr. Turner makes, I think, a doubtful remark in his amusing essay on the Importance of the Right Word. He suggests that Shakespeare achieved an anti-climax when he wrote the phrase in "Hamlet"—"remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, *kindless* villain." This charge can only stand on a reading of "kindless" as "unkind," which would indeed be bathos, but here the word surely means alien to mankind, unkind—in a word, unnatural; so read, it actually crowns the other adjectives with one of final condemnation.

I have only to add that the essay, "At the Shrine of the White Wall," stands apart from the others as a personal narrative and travel impression. It is transparently and gracefully written, and suggests that in another book of essays, which I hope will follow this, Mr. Turner may work this vein. He has the gift of nourishing gossip, a rare one, and must be congratulated on preserving it amid the fierce etchings and erasions of Fleet Street journalism.

Mr. Stephen Coleridge's volume is a record of his personal preferences in poetry, set forth in a great number of quotations united by arbitrary association rather than by any continuous thread of thought. It will delight many, and no one can dip into it without reason to thank the author for discoveries and reminders. But its formlessness goes very far, and the juxtapositions of great and small poetry are rather trying. Mr. Coleridge adds some of his aversions and indifferences to his likings, and is apt to back these up by quotations which do not seem to be always fair. His treatment of Whitman, Francis Thompson, Rupert Brooke, Longfellow and others will grieve many of his readers.

WILFRED WHITTEN.

* "On Falling in Love, and Other Matters." By Alfred Turner. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin, Marshall.)—"An Evening in My Library among the English Poets." 3s. 6d. net. By the Hon. Stephen Coleridge. (John Lane.)

Novel Notes.

TWO'S TWO. By J. Storer Clouston. 6s. (Blackwood.)

The author of "The Lunatic at Large" sets two more lunatics hilariously at large in these pages. Put briefly, the story is the Jekyll and Hyde fable turned to purposes of farce. Sir Wyverne Warrington-Browne experiments until he discovers a certain compound (formula duly given, though the chemist may be unable to make it up) which divides his personality into its serious and frivolous—not to say its decorous and its indecorous—elements. The gay part of the Baronet emerges as one of the knuttiest of knuts, who conducts several simultaneous flirtations, goes up to London, puts up at the Hotel Chic and has a roseate time. The adventures of the serious half are equally diverting to the reader and embarrassing to the portentous gentleman himself. Naturally both the halves share the past memories of the primal baronet, write the same hand, and so forth, although they look quite unlike him. Hence complications. The problem of reunion baffles the halves for a long time; but they discover accidentally that, isolated, they are technically unstable elements, and that mere contact instantly produces the aboriginal compound. Of course no one will read such a story seriously. Those who like farcical extravaganzas will like this. They will not find in it, as in "Jekyll and Hyde" or "Vice Versa," anything resembling a moral; but as it is improbable that they will be looking for one, the deprivation will cause them little regret.

WATERMEADS. By Archibald Marshall. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

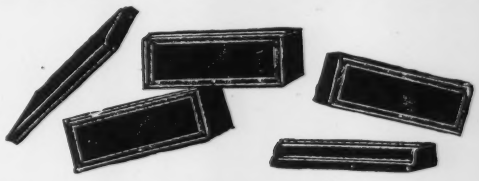
This is a pleasant story by a well-tried favourite. It belongs to the order of novels that Trollope made his own. Its interest centres round an old country mansion (forty bedrooms), far too large for the decayed means of the family, a set of pleasant people who have all the charm of a happy community shielded by park walls from the vulgarities of modern society. But there are troubles even in this dilapidated Eden. Squire Conway's wife (he had married "beneath him," as the saying goes) is a difficult and unworthy person, and there is one rather shrewish little daughter; but the Squire himself, and the other boys and girls are all in the happy Trollopian vein. For some time they live, like Charles Surface, on the family pictures; but that cannot last for ever. How all the nice people "make good," how various "bounders" are discomfited, and how the old house is saved, must be followed in Mr. Marshall's easy narrative. The great house is really the hero of the book, the lightly drawn characters being little more than the human interest that mansion and cottage alike require. Those who want violence and strenuous characters should go elsewhere; those who like placid charm and the mild joys and sorrows of nice ordinary people may visit "Watermeads" with every confidence.

AFRAID. By Sidney Dark. 6s. (John Lane.)

In his new story Mr. Sidney Dark takes as theme a boy who is instinctively "afraid," who shrinks at the very idea of pain to an unusual degree, and thanks to a certain want of judicious treatment on the part of his father, grows up with the innate feeling that he is a coward. Then, after there have been many trials of his nature and, but for a single incident, he has become confirmed, as it were, in a sense of his cowardice, we find him a young man of one and twenty at the outbreak of the war. From much in his earlier story some people might think that Jasper Sedley had in him the making of a "conscientious objector," but Mr. Dark takes what is probably the truer and saner view that the man who may seem afraid, the man who believes himself to be afraid, is in the moment of crisis, the moment that cries for instant action and self-sacrifice, quite likely to do the heroic act. Thus he shows us Jasper Sedley, who early in the war enlisted, and duly went to the front, and died in the very moment of succeeding in getting back to safety a wounded chum. It may perhaps be generally taken as true that the man who confesses to being a coward proves himself by that act to be none, and certainly we feel from early in this story that the hero of it only needs occasion to prove that, given the call, he could act in despite of fear—which is the greatest bravery.

THE FINANCING OF FIONA. By Dorothea Conyers. 5s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

When Martin Beresford died, leaving to his niece, Fiona, Kinvarragh House and "not a penny to keep it up, my dear," the question of finance loomed thunderously across the horizon. But a fortunate misunderstanding brought Major Bohun and his susceptible nephew Henry to Kinvarragh for the hunting season, and their contributions as paying guests eased the situation a little. The hunting proved a disappointment for the country was all bumps and hollows; but Henry at least had excellent value for his money in the society of such people as only John Bull's other island can produce. Malachi, the handy man, who coaxed the pheasants in with "rasins," Bridget O'Leary, the friendliest of cooks, and her daughter Mary Kate, Juliette M'Geary and the Mule Magog were an unique addition to any party, and the heir Challoner, Fiona's cousin, could be relied on for a quarrel any day of the week. It grew to be a habit rather than a coincidence for Major Bohun to hear what was not intended for him, but it led to the happiest results. The story, with its shrewd touches of humour, makes very pleasant reading, and if Miss Conyers' knowledge of legal procedure is slight, what she does not know about horses is hardly worth recording.



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